



The Koala

Escaped from the University of California, San Diego Zoo

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"The booze tastes so much sweeter when it's legal and stolen"



The Koala turns 21!

Ed Box

UCSD has a long and boring history. Founded some time in the past, in 1982, THE KOALA was born because the main student paper stopped printing intramural sports scores. In 1985, the AS drastically cut THE KOALA’s funding. Using the last scraps of their quarterly budget, they printed an eight page issue that was largely written as a “Fuck the AS, but Restore Our Funding Please” issue. The students responded in force and the AS willpower was overwhelmed. But it didn’t stop there. Oh, no. Realizing that what the students really wanted was conflict and mockery and not intramural sports scores, THE KOALA quickly shifted gears and began focusing more on our special brand of

risque humor So although this year marked the 21st year of Koala publication, it’s really only been 18 years of THE KOALA as you know and love it. This whole issue is a sham. But hey, to paraphrase our president, what’s the difference between 21 and 18? Shut up all you math majors out there, I have a calculator too, you know. Never mind. Anyway, hope you enjoy reading this compilation of some of the best THE KOALA has ever produced. I further recommend that you enjoy it soon, because we are copyrighting all of it and going corporate with it, so in a year, you’ll be paying out the ass to read this stuff. It will be the “Fuck You, but Subscribe To Our Newspaper Please” Issue. Look for it on newsstands in porn stores everywhere.

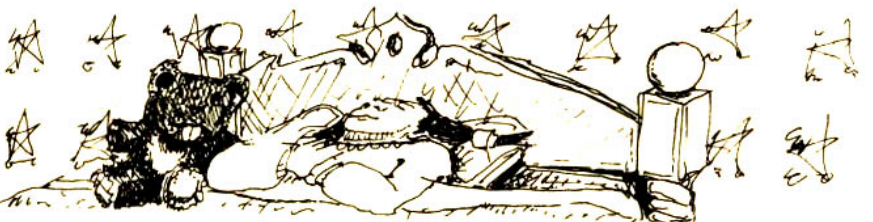
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A dying girl’s last wish

I remember my little sister Melinda with both great tenderness and sadness. She was a unique individual who touched the lives of everyone who knew her, and the memory of her courage and optimism will always be with me. But most of all, I will remember her for her dying request.
The first five years of Melinda’s life were happy and uneventful. She was a typical child, curious adorable, inquisitive, playful. Our family and relatives adored her. But, who knows why, who can tell these things, Melinda became stricken at about age six. A little girl who had been full of life, full of spirit became the habitue of hospital beds and operating tables. But she never let us forget how much we meant to her, and she became an even greater object of affection for our family.
It seemed like a miracle when the disease went into remission, and Melinda enjoyed two fruitful, wonderful years. We were thankful for every moment we had with her.



Then, tragedy struck. Quickly and frighteningly. Melinda was back in the hospital. For the next three years she was barely to step outside of it. Yet, she was always brave and cheerful. She showed uncommon intelligence and bravery for one so young. Her struggle was both poetic and pitiful to watch.
I’ll never forget that final evening when I sat by Melinda’s bed. She was so frail. She was sinking fast, and this time, the doctor said, she wouldn’t recpover. I held her tiny hand in mine.
“Please,” she whispered. “If I could have just one wish...”
“What?” I asked. “Anything.” My grief was almost unbearable.
“I want...” she was having trouble finding the energy to speak. She strained mightily. I could tell the effort was immense.
“I hope... that...” she trailed off.
“What? Melinda. What?” I urged her. I would promise anything to the dying little girl whose life had been so full of misery and pain, anything that might make her feel that her life had not been one of total suffering.
“I want...” she gasped. “...for the Associated Students Council at the University of California, San Diego... to give... **The Koala** all the money it wants. If they do that then my life will have been worthwhile...”
And then she died.
Telling this story brings back painful memories. But I tell it because I know that if people know what Melinda’s dying wish was, her last request, they will honor it.
What kind of people would be so heartless as to deny the final hope of a dying child?

Koala Poetry

by Paula Koala, Spencer and a depressed Eskimo

Roses are nice Two lips are better My hand can do it But your cunt is wetter	I would trade all my whale blubber for a nice, wamr cup of anything	When I see a pair of legs It makes me cry, But only when they’re kicking me in the face	Fall down Get up Fall down Get up Fall down Get up Fall down Shut up Cook dinner.
Rashes are red Violence is blue A rapist with herpes is my wish for you	It sure is cold I’d love some company I’m all alone I could freeze my dick off tryng to masturbate it’s so cold	The umbrella opens To say hello to the rain, But the rain does not respond. “I wonder why the rain will not talk to me.” Because rain can’t talk you stupid umbrella!	Get up Fall down Get up Fall down Get up Fall down Shut up Cook dinner.
Dinner was great I like dining “down south” For dessert, my meat popsicle deep in your mouth	I loved that penguin but you can’t hump a penguin Seals give good fin jobs though	People who live in wood houses Shouldn’t throw termites.	I shot him with my gun And he said ouch So I said I was sorry But I guess people don’t hear well After you shoot them
Roses are red What more can I say? Fuck me bitch It’s Valentines Day	I am the king of my igloo I do what I want when I want I am my own boss But I’d give it all up for a blowjob	What is love? You ask. Do you love me? You ask. Will you love me forever? You ask. Will you love me until I die? You ask. Can you pass the remote? I ask.	My eyes don’t lie Go ahead, ask them a question
I’ve smoked some weed I drank some alcohol But your ass is still big And your tits are still small	Natural wonders all around Snow piles endlessly on the ground Off to fish for tonight’s meal On my way I pass a seal My trusty dog leads way I haven’t gotten laid in years	My love is like a park bench because you can use it for a while and get comfortable But you can’t take it with you Just kidding, it’s because it’s made of wood.	Sometimes I eat alone Because my food is antisocial.
You have a fever You’re really sick? I’ll check your temperature just suck my dick			It’s tough to see what’s going on When your emotions are in the way Oh that’s just a fat guy sitting in front of me.
She’s totally hot She may be a keeper Fuck that shit Whores are cheaper	Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow Snow		Have you seen a crying man? Okay. The last one is always the best. Well, maybe not.



Koala Classic Lists

Motherfuckers. I am so tired right now. You had better appreciate this.

Five Ways Not to Start a Term Paper

1. Since the beginning of time ...
2. It is always, everywhere the case ...
3. Alright, let's get started ...
4. In conclusion ...
5. Hey, hey, bippety-bop, sha-la-la

Salman Rushdie's Top Five Follow-Ups to his novel The Satanic Verses

1. "Buddha, You Big Fat Bastard!"
2. "Do You Hear a Ticking Sound?"
3. "Oy, What a Pisser!"
4. "Hello, My Name is Simon Rushstein"
5. "Is that a Sawed-off Shotgun or Are You Just Glad to See Me?"

Top Five Bumper Stickers

1. "Honk If You're Horny"
2. "Brake If You're Bitchin'"
3. "Turn If You're Tubby"
4. "Go Speedy If You Have V.D."
5. "Run the Red If You Give Head"

Top Five Failed Otter Pop Flavors

1. Renaldo Roast Beef
2. Little Orphan Anthrax
3. Scrambled Eggs Sally
4. Ludwig van Bratwurst
5. Mary Ellen Mushroom
6. Gwen Goldfish
7. Methuselah Margarine

Top Five Punctuation Puns

1. Comma, comma, comma, comma, comma chameleon
2. It's a nuclear apostrophe!
3. Button up your over-quote, you belong to me
4. Colonic irrigation
5. "I regret that I only have one asterisk." – Nathan Hale

Top Five Reasons Why Freshman Girls Should Have Sex With Upperclassmen

1. Larger penises
2. Big dicks
3. Tremendous shlongs
4. Huge fucking cocks
5. More mature

Top Five Rejected Names for the Dirt Devil

1. Suction Satan
2. Portable Prince of Lies
3. Battery-operated Beelzebub
4. Mess Mephistopheles

Top Five Lies Told by Physics Professors

1. "Yeah, I was at Woodstock."
2. "Obviously ..."
3. "Here's an interesting example ..."
4. ""If you rub your penis with a piece of fur, it will become charged and lightning will shoot out of it."
5. "Glrbxt munglob hubla phee reetendorf." (We can't understand the bastards wither)

Top Five Alternative Names for the Hot Dog on a Stick Store

1. Pooch on a Pole
2. Schnauzer on a Scimitar
3. Poodle on a Pike
4. Rover on a Rail
5. Corndogs, damnit, Corndogs!!!

Top Five Reasons Joseph Hates Christmas

1. Little Jesus always bitchin' about how his birthday is on Christmas
2. God keeps forgetting to pay child support

3. Not happy with the choice of raising an illegitimate child or burning in Hell
4. It's getting so commercial
5. The wife's always comparing your performance with Jehovah's

Top Three Ways to Trick You

1. P
2. P
3. Ha! Made you say pee pee!

Top Five VCR Clock Displays

1. 12:00
- 2.
3. 12:00
- 4.
5. 12:00

Top Five Things We All Do But We Don't Know Why

1. Look at the shit you just shat as it floats in the toilet
2. Look inside the tissue after you blow your nose in it
3. Smell your socks/underwear even though you know they stink
4. Look through other people's underwear to check if their skidmarks are worse than yours
5. Fuck your mom

Top Five Other Products From the Makers of "Hooked on Phonics"

1. Addicted to Syntax
2. Strung out on Grammar
3. Cravings for Punctuation
4. Sharing Needles with Semantics
5. Withdrawal from Dangling Particles

Top Five Nicknames for your Sphincter

1. Fart Sentry
2. Ring-Around-the-Rectum
3. Mr. Turd-grabber
4. The Fecal Focuser
5. "Sphincy"

Top Five Reasons Wal-Mart Isn't Carrying Nirvana's In Utero Album

1. Afraid white-trash shoppers wouldn't understand Cobain's sensitive and intellectual lyrics
2. Track three contains the line, "Don't shop at Wal-Mart!"
3. Producer cut Sam Walton's searing sax solo from the final edit of "Rape Me"
4. Needed more room on shelves for extra copies of Barney's Favorites, Volume One
5. People just won't buy the follow-up to the top-selling record in recent history

Top Five Things to Do in Lecture

1. Write lists
2. Fall asleep
- 3.

Top Five Songs Kurt Cobain Has Written in Heaven

1. I May Be Dead, But At Least My Murderous Wife Is Going To Hell
2. At Least I Never Had To Hear Foo Fighters
3. Courtney, You Killed Me And You're Going To Hell
4. Smells Like God Ripped One
5. Dave Grohl, You're Next

Top Five Worst-Selling Beanie Babies

1. "Pinchy" the Massive Earwig
2. "Stinky" the Shaved Gerbil
3. "Ballsack"
4. "Shakes" the Beanie Crack Baby
5. "Floppy Little Piece of Shit"

Top Five Worst Things To Say After Sex

1. "Nope, Mom's still better."
2. "Hey, you were just pretending to be dead, right?"
3. "Have you seen my ring?"
4. "Sleep well Bessy, tomorrow you're gonna be dinner!"
5. "Damn Uncle Larry, I missed the school bus again!"

Top Five Fox Specials

1. When Brutal Shit Happens to Stupid People
2. World's Largest Midget
3. When Rabbis Attack
4. World's Scariest Parking Violations
5. World's Most Dangerous Logarithms

Top Five Inner-City Software Products

1. Adobe Photoshoplifter
2. Microsoft Word to Your Mother
3. Corel Werd Perfikt
4. Adobe Crackrobat
5. Real Playa

Top Five Pieces of Good News You Don't Want to Hear from Your Doctor

1. "We did have to amputate your leg, but you made me enough money to buy a new Jag."
2. "You won't be getting those embarrassing erections anymore."
3. "Advances in medical technology will allow you to move around in your wheelchair with just your breath."
4. "You'll never have to wipe your own ass again."
5. "Don't worry, that's not my finger."

Top Five Things Retarded Kids Do At Chuck E Cheese's

1. Eat the tokens
2. Repeatedly scream at the video screen monitor ÒARRRRRGG THATÔS NOT FAAAIR!Ô
3. Drop a deuce in the ball pit.
4. Play with Chuck E. CheeseÔs ÔtailÔ
5. Run up the skeeball ramp only to drop the ball in the 10 point cylinder.
6. Ask for more pizza

Top Five Blind Rapper Names

1.
2. Seeing Eye Doggy Dog
3. 20/500
4. Sir Trips-a-lot
5. Optometrist Dre
6. Two Coins of Indeterminate Value

Top Five Ways to Get Attention If You're A Chick

1. Kick the winning goal in the World Cup Game and then rip off your shirt.
2. Find the cure for cancer without a shirt on.
3. Campaign for saving the rainforest by throwing your shirt to the wind.
4. Give an address to the nation as the first woman president with no top on.
5. Jump off of a building...topless.

Top Five Reasons I Want a Woman President

1. Only have to pay her 3/4 of what the other Presidents made.
2. Possibility of a striptease might increase State of the Union ratings.
3. Get to lay off the White House chef.
4. I've always secretly believed there is no god.
5. Maybe four years at a full time job could get her to shut up about childbirth.

Top Five Phrases Heard at the Delivery Room of a Stillborn:

1. You got fat for THIS?!
2. Damn you Maggie! Nobody wants to buy a *dead* baby.
3. I'm not a baby expert or anything, but shouldn't it be breathing?
4. You went into labor two months early, but at least it was still born.
5. Oh, did I say cute kid? I meant dead.

Top Five Gay Pet Peeves

1. When he makes you sleep in the brown spot.
2. Chili dogs give you embarrassing erection in public.
3. After ejaculating, your partner wipes his wipes his shit-stained penis all over your expensive curtains.
4. When Dad plays hard to get.
5. And you thought farts SMELLED bad!

Top Ten Things That Mean "Yes"

1. "I'm sooo drunk..."
2. Restraining orders
3. Sitting no more than 2 seats away from any male in a CSE class
4. Sleeping with your window unlocked
5. Breasts >= C-cup
6. Wearing clothes that reveal your gender
7. Saying "Excuse me"
8. Ripping hotpants off screaming "I want your throbbing boners!!!"
9. Eye contact
10. "No"

Top Five Games to Play on Stoned People

1. The "What were we just talking about" game.
2. The "Is that a cop outside?" game.
3. The "Bogart the join and see if he notices" game.
4. The "Tell him there's a phone call for him then steal his seat when he gets up" game.
5. The "Beat the shit out of him, take his wallet and never talk to him again" game.

Top Five Pick-up Lines for an Inflatable Love Doll

1. "What's your polymer?"
2. "Stop playing hard to get."
3. "I have a tire patch kit in my car."
4. "So, uh, what college are you from?"
5. "Are those real?!?"

Top Four Things Men Want from Women

1. Blowjobs
2. Topless lap dances
3. A sympathetic ear and a shoulder to cry on...PSYYYYYCH!!!!
4. Monster tits

Top Four Things "Hand-Job Barbie" Says

1. "If you'd get me that Malibu House, I'd change my first name to 'Blow.'"
2. "For the last time, NO!"
3. "Since my break-up with Ken, I've had a fear of intimacy."
4. "You're out of tissues? These stains will never come out of my convertible."

Submit your own
lists online at:
www.thekoala.org



Koala Classic One Liners

*If what they say is true,
then I guess I am going to
jail for a few years.*

Sentences used in every local politician’s campaign this year

1. I refuse to lower my standards and participate in the callous mudslinging my homosexual opponent insists upon.

Bad Ways to end a Humanities Paper on Candide

1. Whether Voltaire saw Candide as the eternal optimist or not, we will never, ever know.

Manly Things to do

1. Drink a glass of AIDS juice

Philosophical Sayings:

1. I almost thought therefore I’m invisible.

Pick-up lines that rarely work

1. Pee Wee is only a nickname.

Reasons to be a TKE:

1. It’s lonely being an asshole all by yourself.
2. You’ve never had any friends, why change now?

Things on Atkinson’s X-mas list

1. A cushy job with no responsibilities, a huge salary, a million-dollar house and megalomaniacal power (oops, that was last year)

Top 6452 Ways to Tell you’re gullible

1. You actually thought for a sec that there’d be 6,452 ways.

Things to do in Communications Lecture

1. Fill out “Change of Major” form

Failed Beers

1. Pabst Smear Blue Ribbon

Unfortunate Results of Billy Idol’s motorcycle crash

1. Gave grisly new meaning to his hit song “Eyes without a Face”

Lines About Filler

1. When it comes to filler, it really is size, and not quality that counts.

Lines From Godzilla Movies

1. Free! Free for your rives!

Lines Frat Boys hand to Innocent Coeds

1. Everclear? It’s mostly water.

Modern Christmas Carols

1. Yo! the Herald Angel Raps

Things Ronald McDonald Does for Fun

1. Calls up Burger King and asks them to “Hold the pickle.”

Things to Say to Your Girlfriend

1. It’s good for you...it has protein.

Things to Say to Your Boyfriend

1. It’s good for you...it has iron.

Cool Things About Being Homeless

1. Peace of mind of knowing you were “grunge” way before it was trendy.

Words of Wisdom

1. No one ever got famous by sleeping all day ... besides Dracula and Reagan, that is.

Things in my pocket

1. String, or nothing!!
2. A wocket.

Freshman Drinking Games

1. “Grandma’s Little Man”
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
5. You can’t drink yet! You’re freshman!

Advantages to Being Dead

1. No longer have to worry about the high cost of living.

Bottom Comments to hear during a hernia examination

1. Heck, I should be paying you for this.

Cure for AIDS

1. DEATH!

Suicide Options Dr. Jack Kevorkian Offers his patients

1. Unprotected sex with Magic Johnson

Consequences of Female Fighter Pilots

1. Can no longer use the term “cockpit”

Rejected Indian Names

1. Poka-hymen

Top Ramen

Real Reasons Michael Jordan Retired

1. In a state of deep depression after the mysterious death of his Sea Monkeys

Things to Do When Your Roommate joins a Sorority

1. Disconnect the Clapper from all of your household appliances.

Statements that Piss Off Feminists

1. You could be worse off. You could be men and have to listen to women bitch at you.

Rejected Events in the Special Olympics

1. Synchronized Drowning
2. Running with scissors

Reasons It’s Better to Have a Penis than a Dog

1. A penis doesn’t get an eye infection riding in the car with its head out the window.

Things Girls Shouldn’t Do Before Swimming in Shark-Infested Waters

1. Apply Coppertone SPF-12 Anchovy Cream
2. Use cod liver oil douche

Things that were funny the first ten times you heard them

1. You have a cancerous tumor in your rectum.

Things God Hates

1. Always has to be everywhere all the time, even John Kruk’s butt crack

Stellar Constellation

1. The Little Tiny Dot

Bottom Milton-Bradley Games

1. Operation- Proctology Edition

Uses for a Pair of Castrated Testicles

1. Hang from rear-view mirror as hairy dice.

Scenes added to the Re-release of the Star Wars Trilogy

1. Obi-won uses the old Jedi mind trick to score a second refill at Wendy’s.

Old People Pick-Up Lines

1. Do I come here often?

Engineer/Scientist Pick-Up Lines

1. You put the fun in eigen function.

Way to End Your In-Class Essay

1. “And thus endeth the greatest essay ever.”

Rejected Disney Movies

1. Beauty and the Yeast Infection
2. Dumbshit

Worst Pick-Up Lines

1. When are you due?
2. That sounds like a fat girl’s name.
3. Was your daddy a thief? Cause you look like you grew up homeless.

Child Molester Pick-Up Lines

1. Your legs must be tired, because you’ve been playing kickball in my mind all day.
2. What’s a nice girl like you doing in a kindergarten like this?

Ways to Spends Two Million Dollars

1. Buy four sticks of incense and a gallon of milk at Earl’s Place.

Things the Easter Bunny says to his women

1. “Bitch, am I for real?”

Things that should be funny, but aren’t

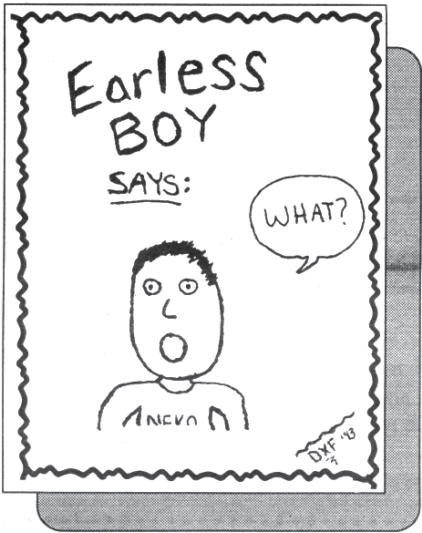
1. Fifth year theatre students

Top One Way to Tell You’re Stoned

1. You think you’re too stoned to pack a bowl and then you realize you have already packed one.

Top One Way to Tell You’re Stoned II

1. You ask Erik “hey, where did Erik go?” and Erik responds “I think he left just a minute ago.”



To remind you of the bad times...

My Time In The Closet

By Spencer Yaras
That Guy

I spent a lot of time in the closet. My parents would put me there when I was bad, when I did something wrong, or when they couldn't find a baby sitter. Sometimes they'd leave the light on, sometimes they'd turn it off, but one thing was for sure, there'd be spikes. I'm not sure if the spikes were there for the clothes or not, but they always seemed to be eye level, even as I grew. Sometimes there would be plastic bags with grape jelly on the inside and I'd get to lick it off. My parents' faint chants of "Choke, choke, choke" from outside always soothed me while I did it.

When I was seven my parents told me I was going to get a little brother. Soon after that they brought him home and let me take care of him. He was adorable and was so nice to me until the day he bit me. I became violently ill and had to be rushed to the hospital. Later they admitted that my little brother was actually a rabid squirrel. I don't think they thought about how much rabies shots hurt, otherwise they would have brought me a poisonous snake. They were so busy trying to find their next score, though, they didn't have time to think about it.

Before my first day of junior high my father kicked me in the groin. I don't think there was a point to it, but he continued to kick me in the balls everyday for the rest of my grade school career. I think that's why I went away to college.

To potty train me, my parents would lock me in the closet with a potty and instructions. They were stereo instructions, but it didn't matter because I couldn't read. Every so often they would come in to check on me and feed me pencil shavings. They didn't skimp either. They got the yummy blue pencils without erasers, none of this number 2 shit. So I spent a year and a half in the closet learning that I couldn't just poop on the floor. However, my first college roommate didn't understand why I kept shitting in his shoes. Now I just crap on the floor and I feel like the whole process was a waste.

But not everything was feces filled closets and kicks to the balls, we had our bad times too. My parents went through a "tough guy" stage. I had to be jumped in to the family before they recognized me as their son. I knew it had gone too far when my mom got her "Thug Life" tattoo across her stomach. They eventually outgrew that behavior, but on occasion, I hear my mom say "What the dilly, yo?"

My father has given me one drug talk my entire life and it went something like this, "Hey, hand me that pipe." My mom was in charge of the sex ed. When I asked where babies come from she told me it didn't matter because they were evil and they should be shot on site. If I ever feel like making my mom really proud I'll have to get an automatic weapon because kids run fast and I don't want to miss any of them.

Overall, I guess they did a pretty good job. I stopped wetting my bed last week and I think I might even be able to sleep with the light off sometime soon.

Lost little kid trading cards take off

By Patrick Duffy

"This one will bring \$5,000 - easily," he chuckled and handed me a card. The card was about the size of a baseball trading card, and was made out of a thin, cardboard-type material. He continued, "You see, that one is special, because of several variables which determine its worth. My partners are really pissed off at me, because they're the ones who coerced me into investing in this type of security to begin with. Next month is the convention up in San Francisco. My collection is currently worth, say in the neighborhood of \$50,000." He giggled and handed me more of his ingenious investments.

"I'm impressed," I told him, and realized how shrewd this man was. Like many other investors, Luigi Brindisi was a wealthy professional who had recently begun searching for newer, somewhat riskier investments for his extra cash. "Real estate is for the middle-class, and gems are, well... so boring. This is definitely infinitely more exciting.

"This" referred to trading cards. Not your ordinary trading cards, but "Lost Children Trading Cards". The idea, now currently sweeping the nation, was the brainchild of one Antonio Trilleri, a USC student currently enrolled in their famed Entrepreneur Program.

"Every day," explained Antonio, "you see milk cartons, newsletters, even motor oil packages invaded with pictures of lost children, citing their descriptions and usually offering a reward. These cards follow a similar outline. They're sold with packages of foul-smelling and -tasting bubble-gum. There's also currently a guidebook

Rare cards can bring big profits

entitled "Rules and Regulations: Trading Lost Children", or "TLC" for short. So you see, it's like a game. When someone comes up to you and says, "How about playing some TLC, he doesn't want to fix your Toyota. He wants to do some heavy trading."

"The younger the child is, the more the card is worth. The longer the

two weeks, she was missing for nearly four years. However, last month her charred remains were found in a forest somewhere in southern Maine, and her card is now worth nearly \$250,000. Hey, I'm a rich man!"

I walked around the large, white room, perusing the thousands of cards encased behind the bullet-proof

printed. First of all, the kid is now twenty-seven years old. If he's still 'lost', he ain't gonna want to be found. You know those milk cartons with the pictures I mentioned earlier? Well, it's always some kid who's now sixteen, or eighty-seven or something. Only the picture was taken when he was eight, and his hair's in his eyes, he's missing three teeth, and weighs about as much as sister's overgrown Dachsund. Now, do you honestly think someone is going to look at that milk carton some morning at breakfast, say, "Look, Henry, that's our neighbor!" and drag him in for the reward? PLEASE, let's invite a little reality into our lives. The only reason we print these is because some suckers think they're worth something."

"Well, I think the whole thing is sick," reports Rodney Derango, a noted psychiatrist. "It's exploiting a national crisis. My God! Profiting from the pain and suffering of others! It's sick! Why, I'll have you know..." He stopped to answer the phone. "You found it! That's wonderful! No, I'll be right over."

My investment broker has found the Lindbergh Baby trading card! There are only three in print! It's worth over three million dollars!"

"But what about profiting, exploiting..." I inquired quietly.

"Oh, cut the BS!" he screamed as he left the room. As I left his office, his secretary, a pretty, bosomy blonde, asked, "Hey, suga, you wanna play some TLC?" Since a quick check into my checking account balance assured me that I, too, could become another player, I nodded and said, "Okay, you talked me into it."



brat's been gone, the more it's worth. If the kid's found, declare Chapter 7, because the card is now worthless (because if he's stolen again, we'll print more cards). If a kid's remains are found ('dead', to the layman), the card's worth skyrockets: hey! it's now a collector's item! The most priceless card I have now is of little Robyn Bentwood. Stolen from her crib at age

glass attached to the walls of his office. Mystified, I looked at a lonely stack in the corner. Picking up a card, I examined it carefully.

Affixed to the back was a sticker with the symbols R75. "R75," I said aloud, "what does that mean?"

"Oh, God," whined Antonio. "That card isn't worth the paper on which it's

KOALA HIGHLIGHTS FOR KIDS

Jimmy's Farm Friends

Jimmy was playing with his pony in the

barn. He gave his pony an apple.

Jimmy's mother was inside the

house trying on new red shoes. She had

bought them at the store earlier.

"Jimmy, come in and help me put on my new red shoes," his mother called.

"No," said Jimmy. "I'm busy."

"You shitty child, I hope an ice cream truck runs over your foot," said his

mother. Jimmy went back to feeding his pony. His kitten started meowing.

"What is it?" Jimmy asked. Suddenly, Jason jumped out from behind a pile of hay.

Jason plunged a pitchfork into Jimmy's kitten's skull.

"Help, mommy!" cried Jimmy.

"Hah hah hah," Jimmy's mother laughed. Jason put a machete through

Jimmy's neck, cutting him off mid-scream.

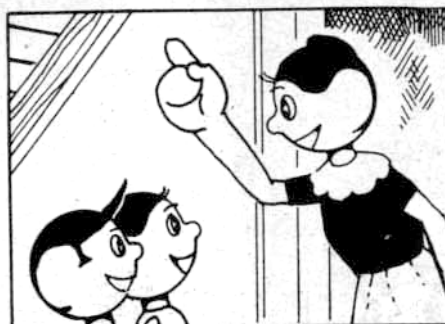
A pool of blood spread across the floor of the barn. Jimmy's

mother went back to trying on her new red

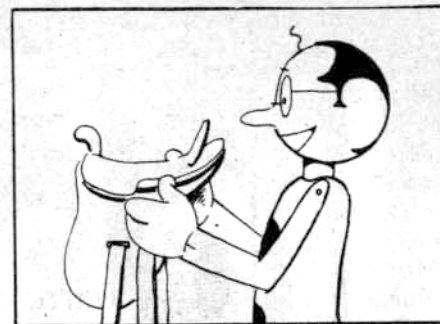
shoes.

by Gregory Huffstutter
Koalalight Staff

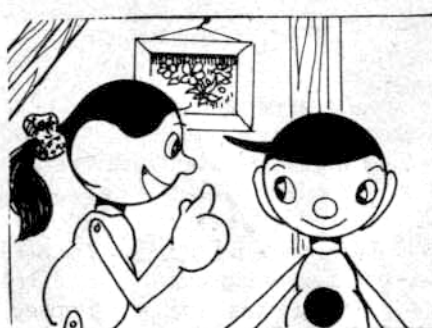
The Timbertoes



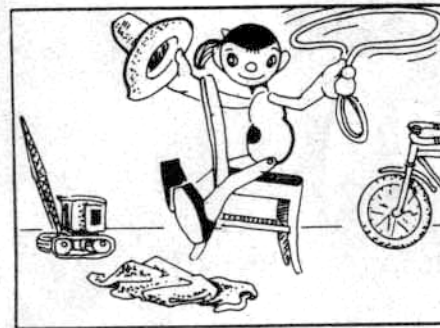
"Go to your room while your Pa and I play horsey."



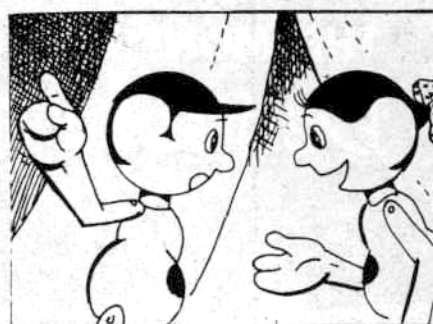
Pa gets the saddle to put on Ma.



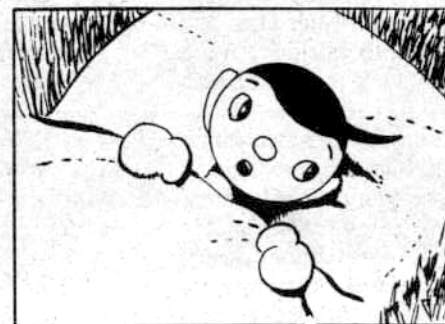
"I want to play horsey too!"



"Do you want to ride with me?"



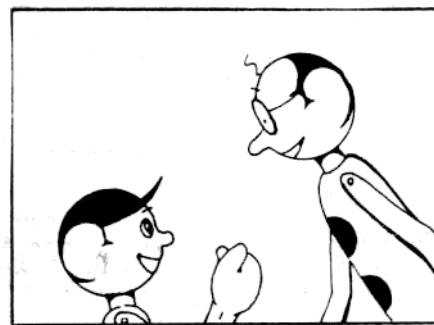
"Now take off your clothes, Tommy."



Tommy waits for Mabel in bed.



"Tommy, get off your sister!"



"Tommy, for your punishment I'm going to screw this off."



"Great! Now I have something for dinner!"



Well, children, we've come to the page where you write back to us! All these poems and drawings are original material from boys and girls just like you. Enjoy!

My Mom and Dad

I like my mom and dad.
They rub my back and cook me dinner.
I snuggle up in their arms when I need to cry.
They make everything alright and kiss me goodnight.
I like my mom and dad.
It's too bad they got creamed by a runaway bus.

Alex Jameson, Age 8
Los Angeles, California

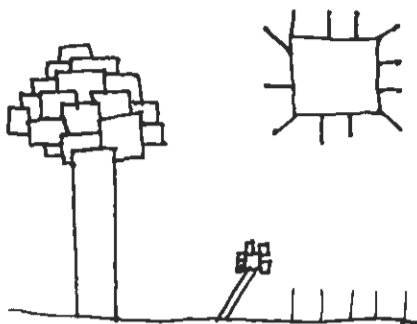


'Sparky Paking'
Jimmy Jaton, Age 5
Bilama, Alabama

When I Grow Up

When I grow up I could be a ballerina
and walk on my toes.
Or I could be a princess
and wear ribbons and bows.
Maybe I could be a beautician
and style people's hair.
Or just wear women's underwear.

John Thompson, Age 13
San Francisco, California

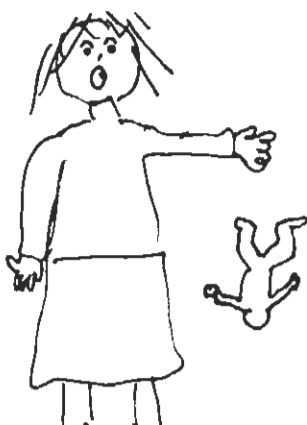


'Nice Day'
Dickie Atkinson, Age 41
La Jolla, California

My Grampa's Farm

My Grampa lives alone on a farm.
The horses run free.
The chickens are happy.
The cows are sleepy.
The sheep are nervous.
Coincidence?

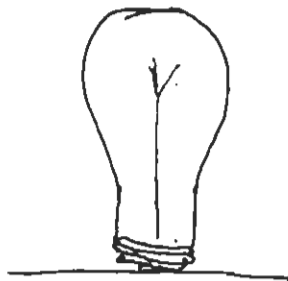
Marty Billwater, Age 10
Pocahontas, Arkansas



Mountains

Tall and majestic
Snow capped peaks
Jutting through the clouds
Like Dolly Parton's ta-tas

Jeremy Pasternak, Age 4
Denver, Colorado

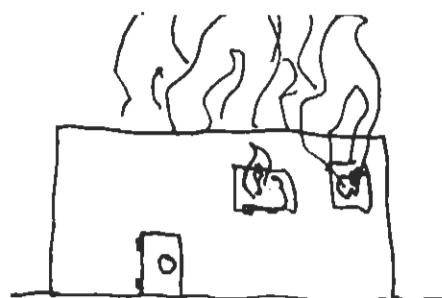


'Mommy Getting Dressed'
Sarah Skammin, Age 8
Hufville, Oregon

A Horse

My horsey is tall,
really tall
He gallops across our yard
sweating hard
I like climbing up and straddling him,
and rupturing my hymen

Elaine Whittaker, Age 11
Bend, Oregon



'Warren in Flames'
Matty Bonster, Age 19
Lebanon, Nevada



'My Mommy's House Plant'
Ann Tarablate, Age 11
Chino, Calif.

My Dolly

I love my dolly Bessie
Her eyes are bright and shiny
I like to hold her nice and tight
And ram her up my hiney

Betty Reilly, Age 6
Frostbite Falls, Minnesota

The Bears Take a Trip



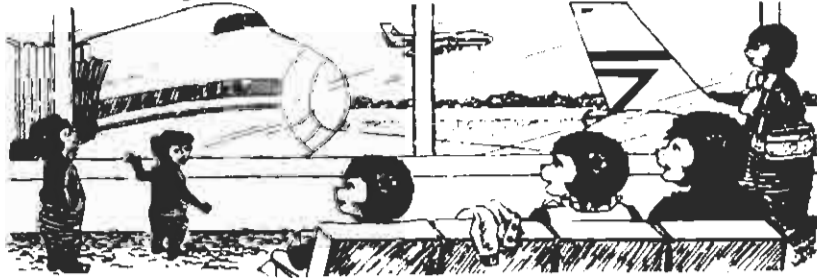
The bears are taking a trip to Colombia.

"Guard those suitcases with your lives," says Father.



"You left one of your suitcases," says the friendly stewardess.

The friendly stewardess just saved the bears 1.5 million dollars.



"Mommie, look! It's our friend the DEA investigator," says Poozie.
The bears watch gleefully as their friend is sent to the netherworld by
40 rounds of fire-hot lead.

"Oh, my," says Woozy, "his head exploded like a water balloon."
Colombia here we come!

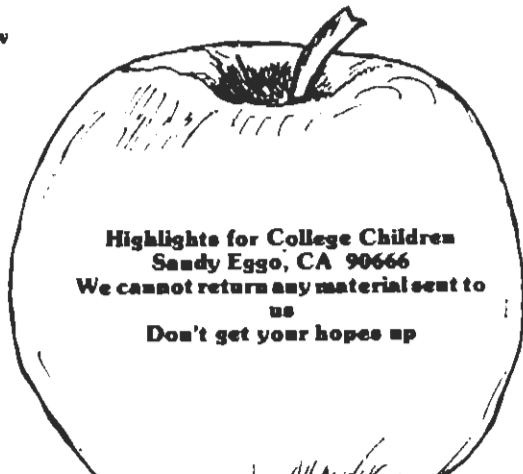


What I See Outside My Window
Stephen Bloom, Age 7
Minneapolis, Minn.



'Daddy'
Timmy Turin, Age -2 months

Would you like to send in an original
poem, story or black and white
drawing to Our Own Pages? Be sure
that it is your very own creation and
that you include your name, age and
home address. Send it to:



Highlights for College Children
Sandy Eggo, CA 90666
We cannot return any material sent to
us
Don't get your hopes up

Christmas 1994 Catalog

TOYS 'R' US



Hasbro Pointed Stick

Everybody knows that every now and then all youngsters harbor deep feelings of hostility toward the human race. Finally, here's a fun, economical toy that lets them act out on this aggression! *Not for retarded children.*

\$1.99



Abuse Me Elmo



I fell down the stairs, again.

Get this one before the Christmas rush because he'll be harder to find than a virgin at a Catholic school. Has seven different saying which include "Nothing is wrong.", "I put my arm on the iron on purpose.", and the classic "I deserved it."



Prader-Willi Playset

If your child can't stop eating, then he or she probably suffers from Prader-Willi Syndrom, caused by a defect of the 15th chromosome. So why not make their condition fun with this new play set. If They're going to eat themselves into oblivion, why not do it in style. Entire playset is edible, just in case.

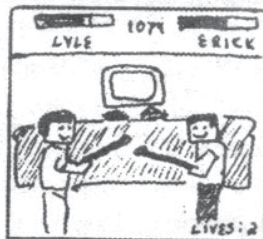
to eat themselves into oblivion, why not do it in style. Entire playset is edible, just in case.



SUPER MENENDEZ BROTHERS!

\$59.95

32 Bits of Parent-Killing Action!



LEVEL 1

Help Lyle and Erick kill their parents when they won't let them play video games on a school night!



LEVEL 2

Try to help Lyle and Erick escape losing their anal virginity to their brawny cell-mate!

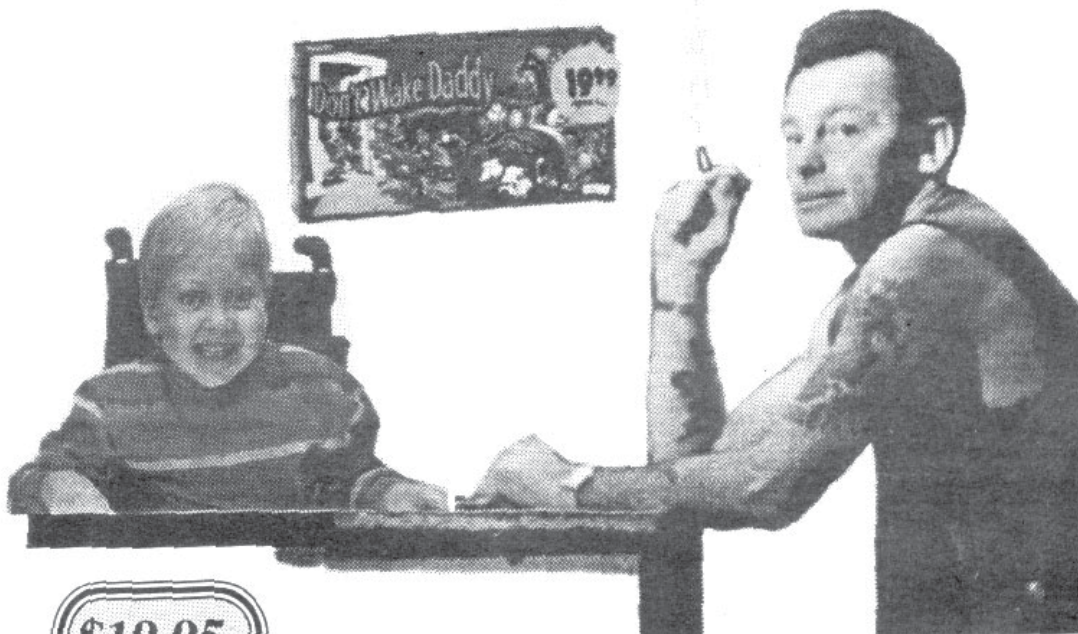


Li'l Humpin' Puppy

The most realistic dog toy of its kind, the Humpin' Puppy will immediately straddle the leg of anyone that walks within 7 feet of it. Perfect for children 3 and up as well as single mothers.

Parker Brothers' "Don't Wake Daddy!" Dysfunctional Family Edition

"Why can't we wake Daddy?" the precocious young gamer might ask. Well, because he has a *hellish hangover* and he'll **BEAT YOU SENSELESS IF YOU DO!!** Blunt object not included.



\$19.95

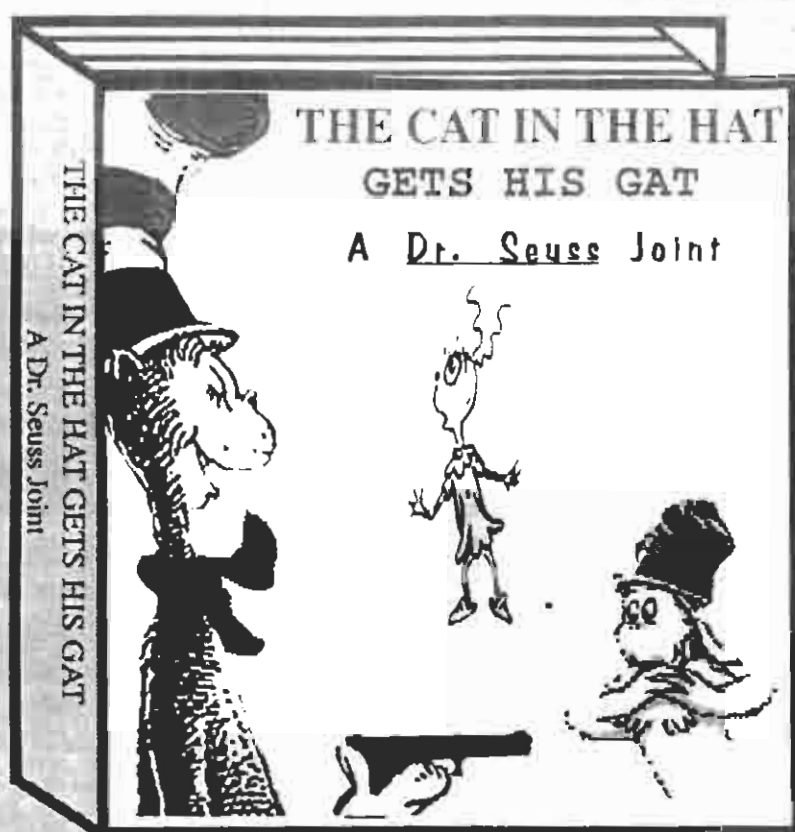


\$9.95

Hasbro Cabbage Patch Stillborns

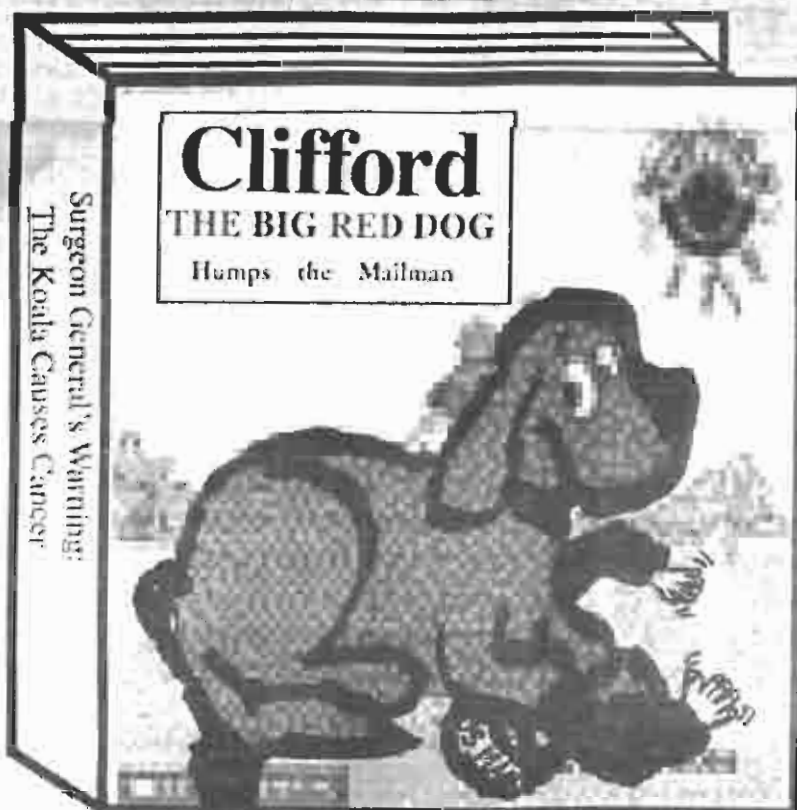
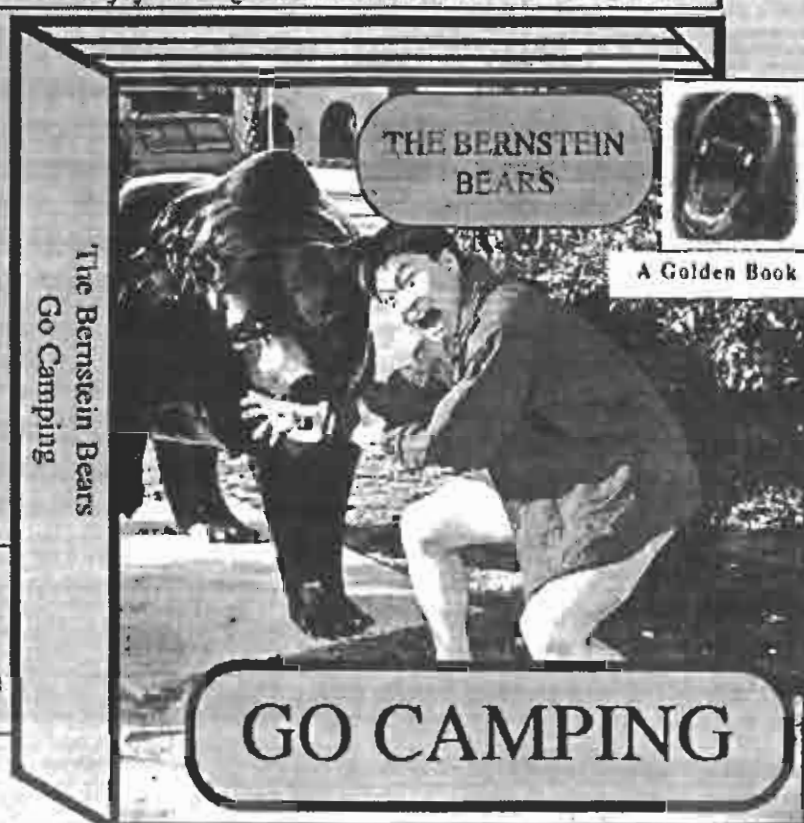
Some Cabbage Patch Kids are born normally. Some are born Premies. And some, well, don't quite make it. What better way to teach Susie about the unexpected twists and turns on the road of life.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS THAT NEVER MADE IT TO THE SHELVES

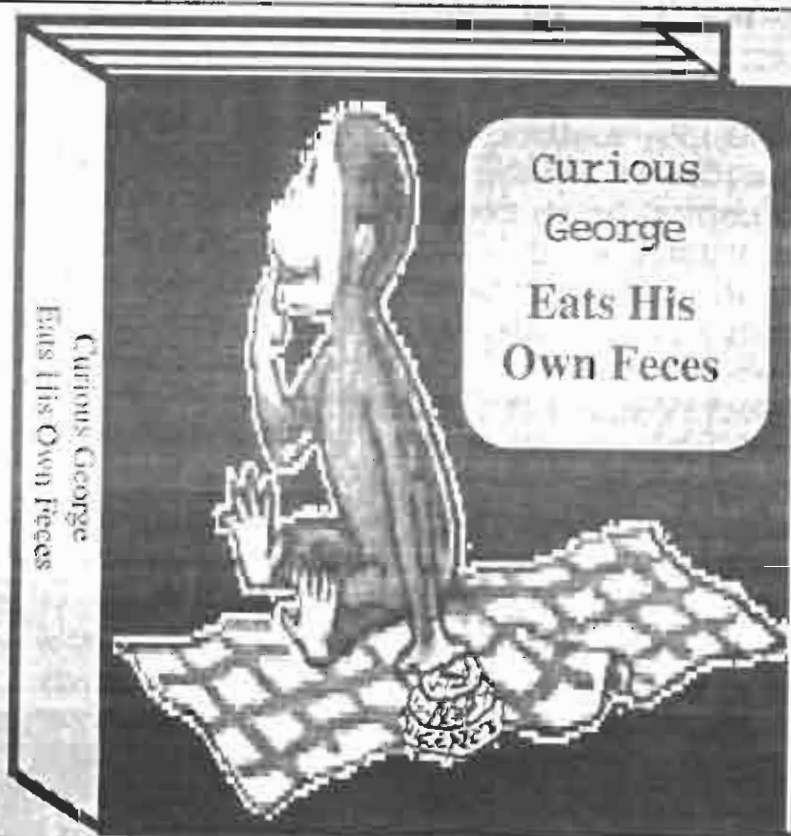


Written by Dr. Seuss in what were later affectionately referred to as his "coke-crazed years", this surefire best-seller tells the tale of the Cat In The Hat's release from the state penn after clawing five schoolchildren to death. Your children are sure to enjoy the hijinks and you're sure to enjoy scaring the shit out of them with this book.

In this #1 best-seller on the New York Times "Never-Published" list, the Bernstein bears teach us that camping is not just for humans, it's really just for bears. Pass me a leg, Pappa Bear!



Join in on the fun as Clifford forgets he's oversized for the 455th time! Modeled after stupid dogs everywhere, Clifford's sure to become a best friend!



Any child who's ever been to the zoo knows what monkeys really do! The story springs to life as Curious George eats plateful after steaming plateful of fresh primate squeezin's. Mmm!



When Fenton can't figure out where the gang of smugglers concealed their diamonds to sneak through customs, his ingenious sons slide into action. "Rock" refers to diamonds in smuggler slang, and Frank and Joe certainly do get their rocks off of these bandits!

The Secret Confessions of The Trix Rabbit

Oh, the memories — those crazy memories doing the tango inside my brain like a Cuban swing band hopped up on smack. It wasn't so long ago that I had everything — dames, booze, my own car, a bitching stereo system, all the drugs I could take without passing out. Yeah, I had everything I could want. I had it until I ached from excess — that is, until it all came crashing down to earth like a satellite plummeting to its fiery demise. Pull up a chair and give me that box of corn flakes. I'll tell you a story...

Christ, don't get me started on kids. Those little bastards hated me, and I hated them. They would yank on my ears and piss on my fur and taunt me. How they used to pester me with their insipid chants! "Silly Rabbit!" the demons would jeer. "Trix are for kids!" Then, they would gobble up the cereal before my eyes and ridicule me some more.

Silly Rabbit? Who did those punks think they were dealing with? I'm the goddamn Trix Rabbit. I was a household name back when they were still languishing in their own sick. I made those bastards, each and every one of them. I made them what they are today. And what did it get me? Did they share any of their goddamn cereal? Or even that cheap ass prize at the bottom of every box? No. All they gave me was their scorn and derision. The goddamn ingrates.

And my name isn't Silly Rabbit. It's Frank. Frank the Trix Rabbit. You would think that's easy enough to remember, but no, not for those slobbering insects. "Good morning, Silly Rabbit," they would mutter as they passed me on the street. Or some passerby would shout "Hey! It's the Silly Rabbit!" Soon I was a laughing stock, a clown. And I'm not a clown for anybody. I'm the goddamn Trix Rabbit. I don't have to take abuse. Damn them, I thought. Damn each one of them. They'll soon pay. They'll feel regret.

That's what started it all, I guess. That burning thirst for revenge ruined me. I went from being a celebrity with a six figure income, a house in Bel Air, and women by the truckload to become just another empty shell of a rabbit. I can't even stomach Trix anymore. I have to eat Special K or some other type of Oat Brown crap. Sugar blocks me up, you know.

But in the old days, in those grand and glorious days of yesteryear, I could put away Trix with the best of them. I was hooked. I began to crave that orangety-orange, grapety-grape, and lemony-lemon flavor. And when they added lime — well, let's just say that I went on a two month Trix binge that left me broke, naked and covered with sores in an Atlantic City alleyway. As I said, the memories are sweet. But not as sweet as Trix, part of this nutritious breakfast...

Sorry. I lost my head there for a second. Pass the milk, will you? Thanks. So anyways, it all ended that one night I was hanging out with Sonny the Cocopuffs Bird. What a pitiful wreck he was. Cuckoo for Cocopuffs? I'll say. Sonny would've turned tricks with Count Chocula just to lick the bowl for Cocopuff dust. He was a sick bastard, but the kids taunted him too, and it brought us together. We were two twisted souls, drowning in a sea of contempt. Silly Rabbit? Maybe. But I was one pissed off Trix Rabbit. And Sonny — well, he was a goddamn schizo.

We were freebasing Fruity Pebbles that night when

Cap'n Crunch stopped by. He walked in like he owned the place, which he pretty much did. The Cap'n was a pretty tough customer — he handled the rackets, the protection money, everything. Oh, he had his vices. A tub of Crisco and a Scout Troupe, and the Cap'n was a drooling mass of flesh. I guess he had a thing for uniforms. But most importantly, he had a barrelful of Crunchberries and he held all the cards.

"I've got a little job for the two of you," he said, stroking his moustache. "It could mean a lot of cereal for the both of you."

"What's the job?" asked Sonny. Like I said, he would set himself on fire if it meant a bowl of cereal.

"I want the two of you to go and lean on Toucan Sam," the Cap'n said with a wink. "He's been costing me a lot of business." Tou-

can Sam was the Cap'n's bookie. Everyone knew he had been skimming money off the top, and now the Cap'n did too. The bird was a marked man, that was for damn sure.

We took the job. We had no choice. Hell, he was going to give me all the Trix I could eat. Then, I would have my revenge on those thrice-damned children. Trix are for kids, you little rodents? Well get bent, kiddies. I've got my box. I've got my bowl. I've even got my complete nutritious breakfast. Why don't you all go hang out

with Dig em and annoy him about Honey Smacks? 'Cause I got the Trix, you bastards, and you got zippo.

Toucan Sam looked shocked

when Sonny kicked in the door of his spacious Hollywood bungalow. But Sam wasn't alone. He was with Lucky the Leper chaun, and the two were sitting down to a nice dinner of red hearts, blue diamonds, green clover, and purple horseshoes. It had been a nice evening of little marshmallows and lots of conversation, but Sonny and I had a little surprise in store for the both of them.

"Wha... What are you doing here?" sputtered Sam.

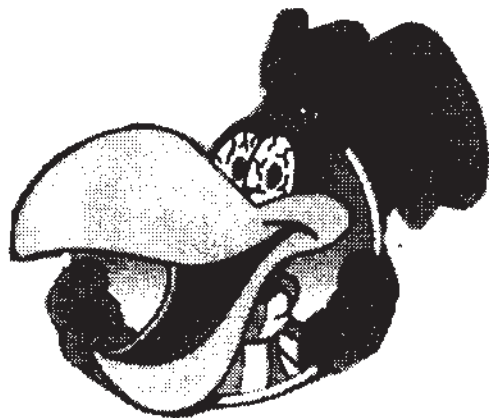
"We've got a little message from the Cap'n," I sneered as I lifted a fairly heavy Louisville Slugger over my head. In one fluid motion, I brought the bat crashing down on Sam's beak. Feathers, blood, and fruit loops filled the air.

"Try following your nose now!" I screamed at the lifeless corpse. "Do you know who you're dealing with? I'm the goddamn Trix Rabbit!"

As I finished bludgeoning the beloved Fruit Loops spokesman, I turned my attention to Lucky. He was staring at me in shock. Lucky never could stand the sight of blood.

"Why did you do this, man? Why?" was all he could say.

I hung my head, slightly ashamed. "The Cap'n. He promised me all the Trix I could eat. All I could eat, do you hear?"

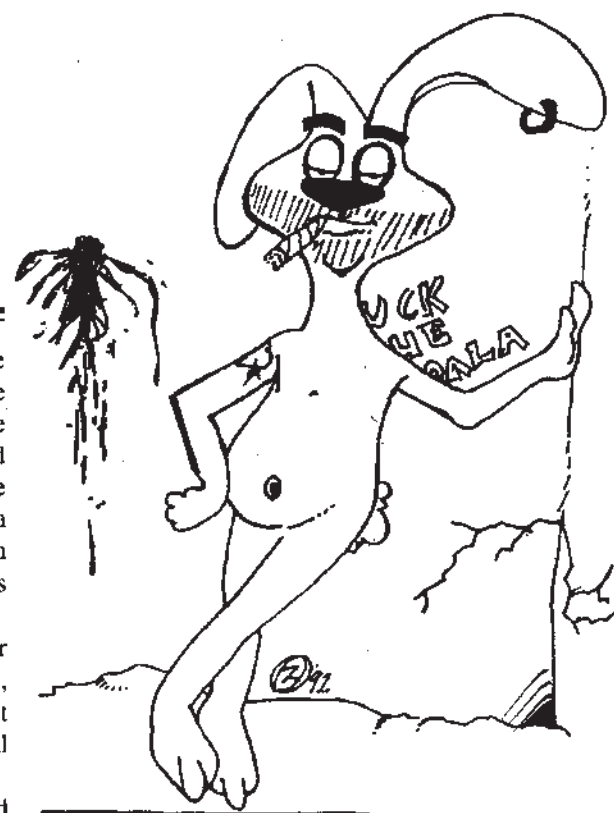


"Cookoo for Rock Cocaine"

"I Hate Fuckin' Kids"



"They're magically delicious"



Lucky just shook his head sadly. "Silly Rabbit. Trix are for..."

He never finished the sentence. I lodged a spoon right there in his larynx. All that damned leperchaun could do was gag his last few breaths. Just then, I felt a gun in the small of my back.

"Hold it right there, Rabbit." It was the cops. I turned to look. Sonny was standing with a half-dozen or so policemen, munching blissfully on his blasted Cocopuffs. That backstabbing, Satanic mutation had rattled me out.

"Looks like you had quite a party with Toucan Sam," said the cop, eyeing the bloody mass of feathers and fruity flavors. "You'll get the chair for this."

"You can't do this to me!" I screamed. "I'm the goddamn Trix Rabbit! I'm untouchable! You'll all pay!" They dragged me into the squad car, kicking and screaming.

"Silly Rabbit," the officer said. "Crime doesn't pay."

So I spent the next fifteen years of my life locked away in a federal penitentiary, stamping license plates and sharing a cell with Tony the Tiger (The stories I could tell you about that pill popping sicko...). I was ruined. Trix hired a new spokesman — the Trix Ferret or something like that. The Honey Nut Cheerios Bee sued me for Palimony. No one visited me in jail. Not even Snap, Crackle, and Pop, after all that I had done for them back in the 'Nam. For awhile, I lived in a halfway house with the Quik Bunny. But he stole all my money to buy himself a stash of chocolate milk. Since then, I don't have a pot to piss in.

Cap'n Crunch, of course, continued to live a life of self-indulgence until about two years ago when a Crunch Berry went down the wrong pipe. And Sonny took a bullet to the brain over an argument with the Sugar Crisp Bear over what exactly made up a complete nutritious breakfast. Those two bastards are dead, and it makes me limp with joy, let me tell you. They deserve it. They sold me out, and like everyone who crosses me, they paid the price. I only hope that their souls are languishing within the darkest pits of hell.

And now, I'm reduced to begging in the streets. I can't

even stomach so much as a frosted mini-wheat. I'm just an ordinary rabbit. No one gives me a second glance. Oh sure, I miss the fame, the sex, the sugary cereals. But sometimes, late at night, I still hear the laughter of children, and the old demons within me stir. Silly Rabbit... Silly Rabbit... and the hate burns anew within me. But they'll regret the way they treated me, like everyone else has.

Mark my words, they'll regret it. Pass the Crispix, will you, kid?

News Flash!!

Koala Staff Helps Community

This summer, The Koala decided to help a fledgling paper run by the mentally and physically handicapped of San Diego. We scouted all over, made endless phone calls, and finally found a group so desperately lacking humor that it sickened us. No, I'm not talking about the Muir Quarterly, I mean the patients at the House of Guiding Hands Mental Care Facility in Poway and their paper the *Tard Tribune*.

In addition to his severe Down's Syndrome, *TT* Editor-in-Chief Kippy Schwartz had been in the dumps ever since his Managing Editor locked himself in the bathroom after someone played the old "feces in the orange juice" trick on him. Also, a week before,

Kippy's best Production Assistant had gone haywire after a mishap in the electroshock room and choked on his own foot.

Yes, the situation looked grim. But with the help of Koala ingenuity, encouragement, and massive doses of Thorazine, the *Tribune* realized its full potential and became the most widely read paper in City Heights! Joey finally came out of the bathroom, little Eddie twitched his shoulder quietly, and it was obvious that joy had returned to these very special tards.

So, we here at **The K** would like to send personal greetings to our sister paper at the House of Guiding Hands.

Here are a few pictures of our plucky friends...



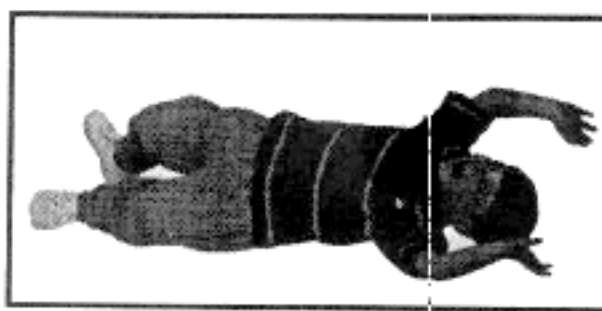
...working hard...



...playing hard...



...staring at a wall for 8 hours straight...



...and shrieking uncontrollably for no apparent reason...

"I'm drooling just thinking about it."

1-900-WET-TARD

Sick of women who know how to say NO?
Tired of babes who can enunciate?
Had enough of phone sex that sounds like sex?
Have you ever wondered what it would be like to screw a retard?

Answer these questions and more at

1-900-WET-TARD

"Once you've had a wet tard,"

"No other tard will do."

Christopher Reeve Makes A Stunning Career Comeback!

by Hugh Jass
Tardian Staff

Everyone knows that Christopher Reeve made a startling return into the public eye in late March at the Academy Awards in Los Angeles, but what most people don't know is that his Oscars appearance was just the beginning of a major career comeback for the actor. Here's just a few of the blockbuster projects he's been working on...

Christopher Reeve
Margot Kidder

SUPERMAN 6:
The Fucked-Up Years
Rated R

I loved the Superman films, but I don't know about this one. Yikes!

SUNDAY! SUNDAY! SUNDAY! Monster Truck Rally!

Featuring:
Gravedigger
Limpfoot
Truckasaurus Rex

Sunday, May 11 @ 7:30pm
Jack Murphy Stadium

When Reeve was first injured, a lot of people asked themselves, "Will he ever be able to return to an active lifestyle?" Well, as you can see, the answer to that question is "Hell Yes!"

LOOKOUT! IT'S REEVIL KENEVIL!

Whoohooo!!

REEVIL KENEVIL

Evil Kenevil thrilled millions in the 70's with his wacky daredevil antics, but now he's just another washed-up has-been peddling Little Ceasar's Pizza for chump change. Well, this is the 90's, and that could only mean one thing- it's **Reevil Kenevil** time! Experience the thrill of watching Reeve's Super Rocket-Powered Wheelchair sail over a row of 800 horses! Oh, the irony!

Conversational Tools

With today's rapidly changing social values, many people are confused about how to behave appropriately at parties. Is it, for example, acceptable to casually mention that in the past you have occasionally stapled parts of your body to pieces of your house?

And, of course, the answer is: Don't be stupid.

For instance, recently I was at a party, standing quietly by myself, watching the ice in my drink melt. Suddenly — before I had a chance to panic and run away — a beautiful young woman approached me and said, without a trace of sarcasm, "Hi, my name's Tami. I overheard you talking earlier and you seem very interesting."

This, of course, had never happened to me before. I had been under the impression it never happened at all, except in movies where people walk around without their clothes. In my entire previous social history, the only time the words "very interesting" had been applied to me, they were directed at a growth I was showing to a doctor.

But it really happened. Sensing a unique opportunity, I smiled debonairly, wryly arched an eyebrow, lowered my voice to a smooth growl and said: "I once stapled my hair to the floor."

In retrospect, it was a faux pas (literally, "duh"). Such statements are precisely the sort of thing, given today's rapidly changing social values, that will cause people to look at you funny. It gives the impression that you have nothing better to do than sit around and play with office supplies, no matter how true that may be.

My brain was obviously startled by her comment. For a moment, it just sat there, stunned. "Whoa," it must have thought, "nice hooters."

Another moment ticked by and finally my brain leapt up out of its chair — a BarcaLounger — and began to race around, searching for something to respond with. I can see it getting to the "Interesting" section of my head, grabbing the first thing it found on the shelves, and dropping it out my mouth.

And that was: "I once stapled my hair to the floor."

Out of everything in the "Interesting" section of my brain, the odds of "I once stapled my hair to the floor" being picked at random are remote. "Remember tetherball? Boy, that was a fun game. How come we never play tetherball anymore?" or "Hormel has recently introduced Spam Lite, with 25% less fat than regular Spam" are equally likely, and either one probably would have made a better impression.

Apparently, one is not supposed to make reference to stapling things to other things at parties. I have been told that Miss Manners would not only have disapproved, but also beaten me over the head with a cheese wheel.

So I have learned, and "I once stapled my hair to the floor" is currently tagged with the warning: "Don't mention to other people".

But the damage was done. The beautiful young woman simply stared at me for a moment, blinked once or twice, then slowly moved off. For the rest of the party, nobody else talked to me, though they did point a lot when they thought I wasn't looking.

It got pretty boring after a while, so I went inside and looked for some Scotch tape. You can have a lot of fun with Scotch tape.

Girls: Can't live with 'em, can't shoot 'em

Girls confuse me. I mean, I like to be with them, but it seems as if they work at being a pain in the lower part of my back. I try to be fun. I try to be understanding. They try to look attractive. They try to make me jealous. They piss me off.

I guess the biggest problem is simply communication. This example of a typical conversation illustrates my point.

Girl: I'm hungry. Why don't we go get something to eat?

Me: Good idea! Let's go get some rolled tacos and eat them on the beach.

Girl: I'm not hungry for rolled tacos. I had them for lunch yesterday when I went out with Lynn.

Me: My desire for rolled tacos has suddenly subsided. What would you care to eat, my dear?

Girl: I don't know! Why do you always leave it up to me?

Me: Excuse me. I'm sorry, honey. My mistreatment of you has obviously gone on too long. I'll refrain from this abuse from now on. Why don't we get a pizza and watch a movie on cable?

Girl: I want to get out of the house. I don't want to watch television and eat pizza. Pizza is greasy and it'll make my face break out.

Me: I can't believe my inconsideration. You are absolutely right. I'll try not to be so irritating. What do you think about dinner at The Charthouse and then a show?

Girl: You know I hate The Charthouse. That's where I got a big stain on my white shorts. I had to throw them out.

Me: I'm so thoughtless. How could I forget that episode. I apologize for my egocentric behavior and beg your forgiveness, etc., etc., etc...

My friend tells me that I should be assertive. Apparently I am passive, and this leads to an aggressive attitude, which in turn, leads to problems in relationships. I still think chicks are wiggy and I'd be better off working at a car wash.

John Godfrey punches a girl

By John Godfrey
Lady Killer

She had it coming, I tell you. We didn't ask for any trouble—we simply wanted to drink a few beers by a bonfire in our beach chairs. It's not as if I was going out looking for a fight or anything, I only wanted to celebrate the end of the quarter with some pals. That bitch, that filthy bitch! She had to butt in and provoke me. Well, I'd do it again if I had to and that's a promise. Here's what happened....

By 10 p.m., there were about 30 people or so surrounding a weak flame at South Mission Beach. Probably 20 guys and 10 girls—most of the girls that were there attended SDSU, and you know what that means. Anyway, I knew all but two of the males present and, sadly enough, none of the lovely ladies. I set out to even those ratios.

A number (which number I'm not sure) of beers prompted me to approach one girl across the pit who had nobody to talk to. Of course, her Pi Kappa Alpha sweatshirt also attracted my attention. The scandal was still raging as of this writing, and I couldn't resist the temptation. I immediately walked over to her and before introducing myself or smiling or asking her name, I asked with a straight face:

"Are you the one that got raped at that frat party a few weeks ago?"

She shook her head and smiled sweetly, suggesting that I was not the first person to ask such a question that night. I missed my cue and forced the issue.

"Your face looks really familiar—I think I saw you on the news a few weeks back.... What was your name again? Laura? Linda?"

"Sylvia," she replied, "and that really wasn't me at that party."

I knew that, of course, but what better way to work into a conversation with an attractive girl that you know absolutely nothing else about? We talked for a little while, as others joined our discourse and we eventually wound up in separate groupings about the fire pit. I thought she was pretty nice—not too bright—and I could tell she thought I was alright. Hey, I just know these things.

Regardless, I began talking sports with the two guys I hadn't met previously, as the NCAA Basketball Tournament precludes all else in my life for a few weeks. I asked the two gentlemen if they played basketball at all, or were they simply spectators. Somehow, the conversation turned to soccer, as both of the fine young lads started for the University of San Diego soccer team. Soccer bores the hell out of me, but I

decided to be congenial and I continued the discussion. I asked why all those foreigners hugged each other in front of so many people, as well as many other pertinent inquiries. I would soon pay for being so friendly.

Sylvia walked up to the three of us and patiently monitored the conversation as I silently acknowledged her presence. One of the soccer players was explaining the intricacies of the "offsides" rule, when Sylvia interrupted:

"What are you guys talking about?"

"We're talking about soccer," I replied. For some reason, maybe because I was drunk and slurred my words, Sylvia didn't hear what I said. She asked once again.

"What?" She repeated herself.

"Soccer. You know, SOCK-HER," as I playfully extended a left jab in her direction. It was just a joke. A pun. Nevertheless, my fist struck her squarely in the nose and she fell to the ground.

"Oh, shit," I thought. I think I said it, too. Suddenly, everyone was either looking at Sylvia with pity or at me with loathing. I crouched down next to Sylvia as her friends approached and asked in unison, "Who did this to you? Who? Who?"

Since there were witnesses, I confessed. One by one, my friends came up to me and asked what happened. I

could only shake my head and look at my size 10's. Then, my (former) friends would make sure Sylvia was conscious, look back at me, start to say something, stop, and laugh under their collective breaths.

Sylvia left several minutes after hitting the canvas. I guess I spoiled her evening. She sure spoiled mine. I drank heavily following her departure (don't worry, Mom, I didn't drive). The following scene repeated itself several times:

Mr. X: John, what happened back there?

John: I punched a girl.

Mr. X: Why?

John: I didn't try to.

Mr. X: Then how did it happen?

John: It all started with the NCAA Basketball Tournament but that didn't last because they played soccer so that was what we talked about and then Syl—

Mr. X: Never mind. Take it easy. Have another beer.

John: Okay. (SSSHHHIPPTT) Thanks. (Pause) So what's going on for tomorrow night?

Mr. X: There's probably a party somewhere...but I'm not going to bring my girlfriend...HAHAHAHAHAHA!

John: Go to hell. (Aside) I wonder if this sort of thing ever happened to Anton Chekov? Or Ernest Hemingway?



Give her a splash of the unexpected

Captain GHB

— ORIGINAL —
SPIKED RUM

Keep your Edge!



Why you should buy *Near Everclear*:

- "Impress your fraternity brothers by downing multiple bottles"
- "Because you're too tough for Coors Cutter"
- "Spike the punch at your highschool dance without getting into trouble"
- "Same great pure alcohol taste, but *without* the alcohol"

The non--alcohol alternative for hardcore drinkers

Monster Egg Nog

Ingredients:

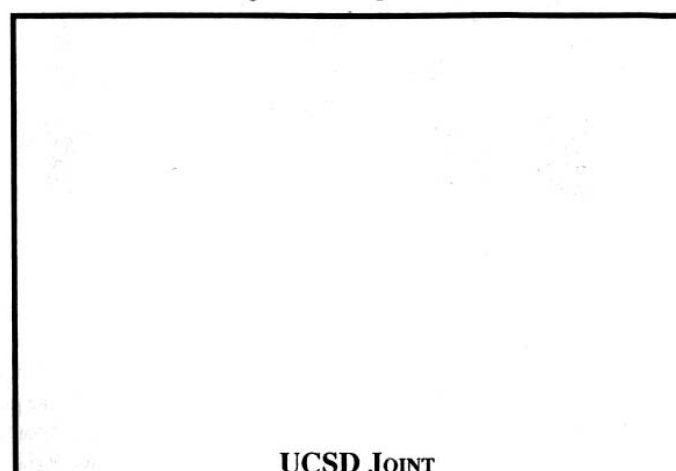
- 1 carton egg nog
- 1 fifth of rum

Procedure:

Stir

The UCSD Joint

(Just add pot!)



UCSD JOINT

Larry "Bud" Melman Visits U.C.S.D!

By Tom Schmitt
Koala Cub Reporter
and Media Whore

Early last month, everyone's favorite clueless old man made a rare appearance on campus here at U.C.S.D. No, I'm not talkin' about Chancellor Atkinson. I'm referring to beloved T.V. personality Calvert DeForest, who took time out of his busy schedule of sleeping twenty hours a day to make a special appearance at U.C.S.D. You probably all know Calvert from either his portrayal of "Larry 'Bud' Melman" on "Late Night With David Letterman" or his short-lived, dubious involvement in the 70's disco group "The Village People."

Tension mounted as the motorcade including Calvert's shiny black limosine rolled into a Revelle Plaza packed full of eager students just hoping to catch a glimpse of the chunky yet lovable superstar. The tight security had to struggle to contain the countless throngs of lovely Calvert DeForest groupies, who were tossing bras, screaming, and throwing hotel room keys in the direction of the portly megastar. It wasn't long after Calvert stepped out of his limo that the *Guardian* weasels in attendance sunk their claws into him. "Get these newsboy femmes away from me!" Calvert screamed, cursing like a sailor while kicking one of them repeatedly in the groin area. "Damn paparazzi!"

It wasn't long before I got the chance to talk to the sultry enigma myself. "Hey Larry! It's great to meet you!" I exclaimed enthusiastically. "Oh bite me, you chucklehead!" Calvert retorted with a sour look. "And don't ever call me by that name, you bastard!" Calvert explained that the character Larry "Bud" Melman was in fact the "intellectual property" of NBC, and if he was to continue to use the name while working for CBS, he would likely end up having his pasty white hinder sued. Instead, he encouraged me to refer to him as simply "Calvert" or by his Muslim name, Shaka "Bud" Mustafa. Unfortunately, our conversation took a sudden, dark twist when Larry became disoriented by the flash photography and started having "Nam flashbacks."

The assembled crowd was enchanted if not utterly frightened when Calvert would repeatedly throw his head back in the middle of signing an autograph and let loose his trademark cackle "AH HAAHAAA!!!" He must have done this roughly ten thousand times throughout the course of his visit, which had to be cut short as Calvert was rushed to the VA Medical Center for psychiatric evaluation and a much needed round of electroshock therapy.

MEET IN PERSON FROM
LATE SHOW
with David Letterman

CALVERT DeFOREST
UC-SAN DIEGO

THE CBS COLLEGE TOUR
DON'T MISS IT!
REVELLE PLAZA

YOUR CHANCE TO:
• GET A PHOTOGRAPH
• HAVE A TALK WITH CALVERT
• WIN LOTS OF GREAT STUFF TOO!



The proudest moment of my life.
(That's me on the right)

THE ADVENTURES OF BUCKY

THE BURROWING HAMSTER!

HI KIDS

REGRETTABLY BY:
CHAD MESERVE

WE JOIN BUCKY AS HE EMBARKS ON ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE.

WHAT A FINE DAY FOR SPELUNKING

BUT HARK! MY PATH SEEMS TO BE BLOCKED BY SOME KIND OF FECAL BOULDER!

RUMBLE RUMBLE

UH OH!

WHATEVER SHALL OUR HERO DO?

I'VE GOT IT!

OH ECSTASY!

BOOM!

I'M GETTING TOO OLD FOR THIS SHIT.

TUNE IN NEXT TIME AS BUCKY HAS TO GO UNDER COVER IN UNSAFE TERRITORY!

I TOLD THEM I TAKE A SIZE 9!

An Open Letter From Your Savior

by Jesus

Hey, there! It's me. Jesus. I'm back. No, no, no, don't get all excited. I'm not *back* back. Look, I know expectations are kind of up, what with Passover and Easter and all that, and I think the holidays are a really cool honor. But, honestly, it wasn't exactly one of the best periods in my life, with all the betrayals and, you know, people hammering spikes through my extremities and all. So I'd really rather you didn't go around making such a big deal out of it every year. As if my birthday wasn't bad enough, with me being well past the big 2000 and just about the oldest guy in Heaven. SheeshÉ

So anyway, I just popped in for a couple of minutes to drop you this little note. I've been keeping an eye on things down here, and I've noticed a few misconceptions that need clearing up. First off, I'd just like to thank the folks at [The Koala](#) for giving me an open forum. I do enjoy your little paper from on high, though to be honest, I really only read the personals and the lists. Which brings me to the first myth I'd like to dispel: I do not have any preference, sexual or otherwise, for chickens on crack. I love each and every one of God's creatures with equal fervor, irrespective of whether they smoke rock cocaine, except for Jim J Bullock, who grates on my nerves.

The other thing I would like to mention is that my middle name does not begin with an "H". It's Ted.

I've also noticed that people are pretty hung up (excuse the pun) on the whole Heaven and Hell thing, and understandably so; the Bible is pretty damn vague for a document you're supposed to base your life on. No surprise, either. Matthew, Luke, John, the whole lot (excuse the pun, again) of 'em: they're great guys-Luke's one hell of a good golfer, too-but they couldn't write their way out of a freakin' paper bag. So let me take this time to briefly let you know what's up.

Heaven is pretty much just like life on Earth, except without all the dickheads. Conversely, Hell is pretty much just like life on Earth. You'd be surprised at what an effective torture it is to realize that you've died and yet still seem to be in Phoenix, Forever.

Heaven, on the other hand, is more like being in some really cool place like France, except all the French went away somewhere and were replaced by a group of friendly, non-smelly people. You may have been expecting something a little different, but for a second just picture what life on Earth would be like without fear of death, without people who mean you ill will and without the French. Sound pretty good? I thought so/. Who wants to sit on clouds and fart around with little harps all day?

Not that there aren't some drawbacks. For starters it's damned near impossible to get a decent pair of sandals. They started going out of vogue around 10 B.M. (Before Me), and the way it worked out was that all of the good sandalmakers died

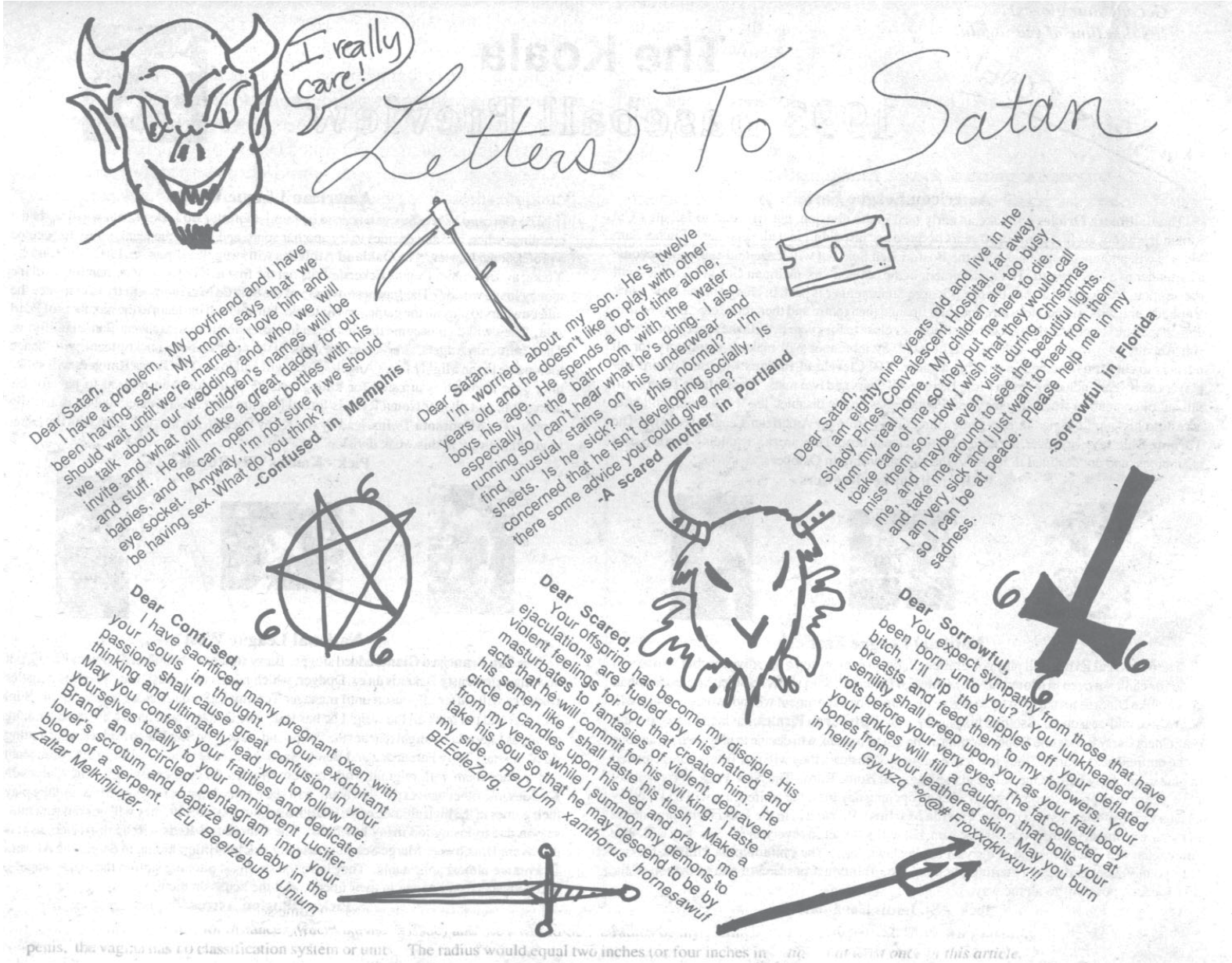
before I did, so they weren't forgiven. We did the Birkenstock guy up here a while ago, but the dude won't make sandals anymore! Says the horror of seeing a bunch of dumb, adolescent pseudo-hippies waddling along in the fruits of labor isn't something he cares to repeat. So Limbo and Hell are chock full o' airy comfortable footwear; meanwhile, I, Christ messiah, King of the Jews, am slapping around Heaven in plastic flip-flops. As you can imagine this does not go a long way toward impressing the chicks. Yup, the other bummer about Heaven is that it's still really hard to get laid. A lot of people show up here expecting the hereafter to be like an eternal scene from Caligula.

Hard as it is to believe, though, this is not everybody's idea of a good time; and it's their heaven, too. Plus women can afford to be more choosy, as Heaven's entry requirements have already screened out all of the assholes. Don't be too concerned about it. You have forever to work on your technique, so the odds are in your favor that you'll eventually get to fuck everyone here. Even that huge broad from the Mamas and the Papas, if you so desire (stop making that face – she's actually quite a ride).

Of course, that doesn't help out a whole lot when you're still at the bar at 3 A.M., all the girls have already taken off with some other deity or angel or cherub (those fat little guys are hung like walrus tusks), and the only person left to talk to is the Holy Spirit, who tends bar up here. Don't get me wrong, the H.S. is an interesting guy and all, but for me it's kinda like talking to myself.

The point is, even in Heaven the opposite sex is just as hard to figure out. For instance, Buddha and I were hangin' out at a bar the other afternoon having a couple of martinis and catching the satellite feed of some Saved by the Bell reruns. I was telling Buddha, "That Elizabeth Berkeley sure acts the prude, but I bet she'd be a saucy little tart if you got her in the right environment." Buddha turns to me and says, "A duck's legs, though short, cannot be lengthened without discomfort to the duck; a crane's legs, though long, cannot be shortened without discomfort to the crane." He's always saying shit like that. Fat kook. So I go make a couple of calls, and the next thing you know, she's in "Showgirls." So now Paul Verhoeven is going to hell (sorry, Paul, but you were two-thirds of the way there after the cheesy ending to Total recall) because of me, which pissed Dad off to no end. I finally had to tell him, "Yo, G, chill. You and I are the same entity, so it's at least partly your fault." Then we said, "Oh yeah," and we patted us on the head. The Holy Spirit looked on disapprovingly, but really couldn't say much, as he's us also.

You know, this is a bit of a tangent, but according to Christianity, isn't suicide one of the greatest sins one can commit? If you think about it, Pops sent me down to Earth to be killed in order to save the souls of humanity, but He's me, so didn't He essentially commit suicide? Yeah, I know, the Christians are supposed to be my homies, but their ethics are mighty confused.



Take This!

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO



LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA 92037

May 16, 1989

Douglas Crews
4885 Cole #3
San Diego, CA 92117

Dear Douglas:

Congratulations on your forthcoming graduation from UCSD! You should take great pride in completing your undergraduate studies at one of the finest universities in the country -- an accomplishment requiring a substantial amount of hard work, self-discipline and persistence.

As you know, the past decade has seen UC San Diego emerge as one of America's premier universities -- ranked among the top universities academically and fifth overall in sponsored research.

This year you have seen the doors open at the new University Center, at Fifth College, and at the state-of-the-art, \$45 million Engineering facility. The Regents have also approved a new UCSD hospital and a school of architecture.

Good news for the University is good news for UCSD students like ourselves. But simply, our diplomas are gaining in value.

The question, though, is whether our UC San Diego diplomas will continue to benefit us through the years ahead.

This is a major concern because universities are facing unprecedented challenges: sharply higher costs and cuts in Federal and State funding.

With accelerating costs, UC San Diego must have a stronger base of support to remain among the giants of higher education.

This is why I am challenging each and every member of the Senior class not to wait until after graduation to give something back to UCSD.

Within the next few days you will receive a phone call from a student representative asking for your support toward the Senior Class Gift Campaign.

This year, as in years past, funds raised by the Senior class will go toward campus enrichment.

You see, State funds pay for less than 10% of the general operating costs of the University. Special student programs, library acquisitions, scholarships, and new computers are only partially covered by State funding.

That is why it is vital for us as Seniors to start making commitments to uphold the quality of student life on campus. Without gifts from individuals like ourselves, vital programs and equipment will not be readily available for students.

You may choose a leadership commitment, such as a pledge of \$53 over the next year, symbolic of our year of graduation.

But most important, whatever the size of your gift, it will be greatly appreciated by everyone at the University and even more by the generations of students to come.

On behalf of all of the students at UCSD, I thank you in advance for your support.

Sincerely,

John Ramirez
John Ramirez
Associated Students President

John Ramirez
Associated Students President
Q-077
La Jolla, CA 92093

May 28, 1989

Dear John:

Congratulations on my forthcoming graduation from UCSD! I take great pride in completing my fourth year of undergraduate study in preparation for my **fifth year of undergraduate study** at one of the finest universities in the country -- an accomplishment requiring a substantial amount of hard work, self-discipline and financial aid.

As you know, the past decade has seen UC San Diego emerge as one of America's premier universities -- ranked among the top universities in fee increases and fifth overall in lack of concern for students.

This year you have seen the doors open at the new student center, affectionately called Maynard's Mall by its adoring customers, and at the state-of-the-art, neo-fast-food "Pizza Pub," while the hated and reviled Triton Pub was sent to the abyss it deserved. The administration has also proposed a new non-alcoholic T.G. format to eliminate any form of fun on campus.

Good news for the University is good news for Regents who make money through expansion. Put simply, our diplomas are getting more expensive.

The question, though, is whether our UC San Diego diplomas will continue to cost us money even after we graduate.

This is a major concern because universities are facing unprecedented challenges: students who believe that food and shelter are more important than books and tuition.

Even with accelerated tuition fees, UC San Diego must have even more of its students' money to keep up the salaries of administration cronies.

That is why I am challenging each and every member of the A.S. Council not to wait until the turn of the century to give something back to the student population.

Within the next few days you will receive a crank phone call from a student representative asking for money for a tuition bill he can no longer pay.

This year, as in years past, fees paid by impoverished students will go directly toward silly expenses which serve only the administration.

You see, financial aid pays for less than 30% of the general operating costs of the average student. Armed robbery, drug sales, and student loans only partially cover the remaining expenses.

That is why it is vital for you as A.S. members to start making commitments to obtain a semblance of quality of life on campus. Without gifts from individuals like yourselves, vital food and shelter will not be readily available for students.

You may choose a leadership commitment, such as a pledge of \$53.80 for each of the next three quarters, symbolic of the 10% fee increase going into effect.

But most important, whatever the size of your gift, it will be greatly appreciated by the particular starving student it is given to.

On behalf of all the students at UCSD, I thank you in advance for your support.

Sincerely,

Doug A. Crews
Douglas Crews

Cum on down to ...

FAST EDDIE'S SPERM BANK

We're havin a **BLOW** out sale!

This week we have specials on freshly frozen ...

19 year-old white male sperm for the low, low price of **50¢/gallon!!!!**

Fast Eddie's Sperm Special



And Our Famous Tropical Blend

-> 20 bucks a pop <-

(Includes over 80 different ethnic groups plus some genetically altered sperm to add a little spice to your next pregnancy)

Our Guarantee - If after 9 months you aren't completely satisfied with the quality of our semen, we'll send over a **FREE** Cabbage Patch doll of your choice!

THESE PRICES ARE RED HOT!

You know, the Rodney King Verdict Really pissed me off. The violence that resulted depressed the hell out of me. Then, while watching riot coverage on the news, I found a way to make *some* good come out of the situation. They were showing dozens of looters cleaning out a Circuit City. I realized that this development would allow me to use that "Guaranteed Lowest Price" stuff to my advantage. The next day, I walked into the DOW in La Jolla and selected a 25" color TV and a 200 watt stereo.

"How would you like to pay for this?" asked the saleswoman.

"Actually, I wouldn't," I sniffed.

"What?" she asked, looking puzzled.

"Well, you do have one of those lowest price in the U.S., Mexico, or Canada guarantees, right?" I inquired.

"Right," she muttered hesitantly.

"Well, I saw this exact same stuff on T.V. last night for ... free."

She was flustered yet beaten. With tax, my new purchase ended up costing me ... nothing. So now I'm watching the NBA playoffs on my giant 25" screen and blasting Public Enemy at 200 watts. Watts? Hmm. Anyway, you should try it! Think of it as a fire sale.

Insane Man Forces Gay Lover to use Contraception

Chad Everett a borderline schizophrenic was so paranoid about getting his girlfriend pregnant he got a vasectomy and forced his girlfriend to get her tubes tied. But this wasn't enough, so he dumped her and became a homosexual. But even this wasn't enough, so he had his boyfriend fitted with the world's first anal diaphragm. "I know that there's only a 99.999% chance of ever achieving anal conception," said Chad, "but the risk of having the world's first anal baby is too great."



Freud on Seuss

a book review by Josh LeBeau
Koala Staff

THE CAT IN THE HAT

By Dr. Seuss, 61 pages. Beginner Books. \$3.95

The Cat in the Hat is a hard-hitting novel of prose and poetry in which the author re-examines the dynamic rhyming schemes and bold imagery of some of his earlier works, most notably **Green Eggs and Ham**, **If I Ran the Zoo**, and **Why Can't I Shower With Mommy?** In this novel, Theodore Geisel, writing under the pseudonym Dr. Seuss, pays homage to the great Dr. Sigmund Freud in a nightmarish fantasy of a renegade feline helping two young children understand their own frustrated sexuality.

The story opens with two youngsters, a brother and sister, abandoned by their mother, staring mournfully through the window of their single family dwelling. In the foreground, a large tree/phallic symbol dances wildly in the wind, taunting the children and encouraging them to succumb to the sexual yearnings they undoubtedly feel for each other. Even to the most unlearned reader, the blatant references to the incestuous relationship the two share, set the tone for Seuss' probing examination of the d satisfaction of primitive needs. The Cat proceeds to charm the wary youths into engaging in what he so innocently refers to as "tricks." At this point, the fish, an obvious Christ figure who represents the prevailing Christian morality, attempts to warn the children, and thus, in effect, warns all of humanity of the dangers associated with the unleashing of the primal urges. In response to this, the cat proceeds to balance the aquatic naysayer on the end of his umbrella, essentially saying "Down with morality, down with God!"

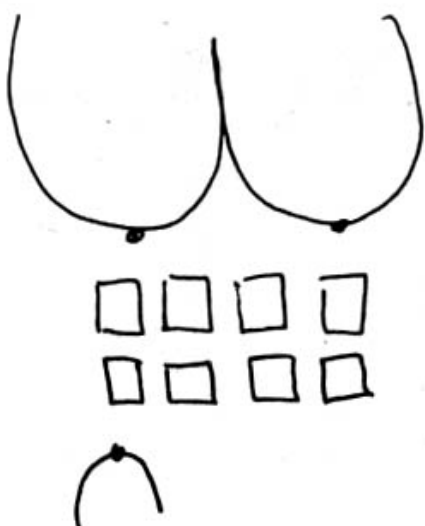
After poohpoohing the righteous rantings of the waterlogged Christ figure, the Cat begins to juggle several icons of Western culture, most notably two books,

representing the Old and New Testament, and a saucer of lactal fluid, an ironic reference to maternal loss the two children experienced when their mother abandoned them "for the afternoon." Our heroic Id adds to this bold gesture a rake and a toy man, and thus completes the Oedipal triangle.

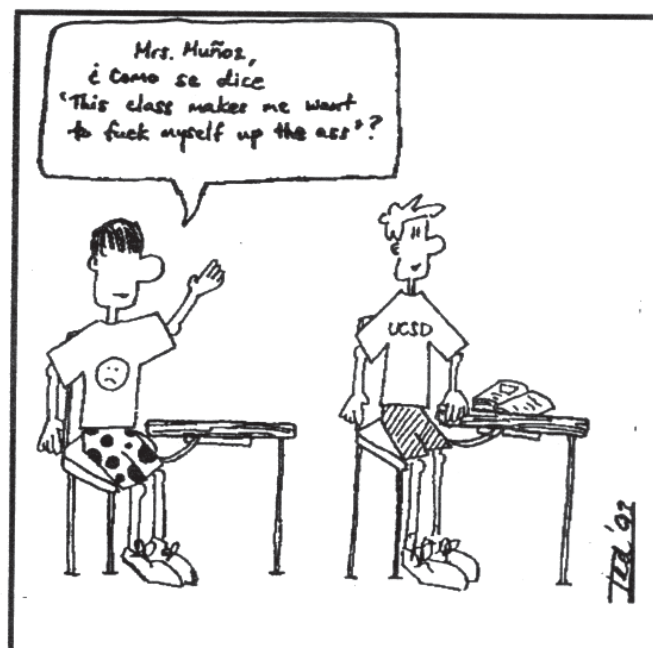
Later in the novel, Seuss introduces the proverbial Pandora's box, a large red crate out of which the Id releases Thing One, or Freud's concept of Ego, the division of the psyche that serves as the conscious mediator between the person and reality, and Thing Two, the Superego which functions to reward and punish through a system of moral attitudes, conscience, and guilt. Referring to this box, the Cat says, "Now look at this trick. Take a look!" In this, Dr. Seuss uses the children as a brilliant metaphor for the reader, and asks the reader to reexamine his own inner self.

The children, unable to control the Id, Ego, and Superego allow these creatures to run free and mess up the house, or more symbolically, control their lives. This rampage continues until the fish, or Christ symbol, warns that the mother is returning to reinstate the Oedipal triangle that existed before her abandonment of the children. At this point, Seuss introduces a many armed cleaning device which represents the psychoanalytic couch, which proceeds to put the two youngster's lives back in order.

With powerful simplicity, clarity, and drama, Seuss reduces Freud's concepts on the dynamics of the human psyche to an easily understood gesture. Mr. Seuss' poetry and choice of words is equally impressive and serves as a splendid counterpart to his bold symbolism. In all, his writing style is quick and fluid, making **The Cat in the Hat** impossible to put down. While this novel is 61 pages in length, and one can read it in five minutes or less, it is not until after multiple readings that the genius of this modern day master becomes apparent.



Nancy Reagan and Dolly Parton playing cards



Why Clarence failed Spanish 1B

DoleVictim of Practical Joke
Norman, OK. -Chaos erupted at a Republican fundraiser when Bob Dole drank a

"chocolate milkshake" made of human feces given to him by an unidentified prankster. Dole took the joke in



stride, stating, "I'd like to think of this experience as preparing me for the shit I'm going to eat next November."

Gelsel Library

\$0.10
(pack of twelve)

UCSD Action Figure

Look at this circle!

THE NEXT GENERATION

FUN: TRY HAVING IT HERE

NEW!

Accessories

ADMIRAL McCOCK
The Chief Medical Officer From the Classic Series Returns

Hand already in perfect jack off position!

UCSD

SNAP ON FACIAL EXPRESSIONS!

Now Music Easter Sunday Volume 32

Outraged Confused

Smug Dead

Silver Spoon

Stick Up Ass

Coffee Pot

Now with ten times the personality of the real thing!!!

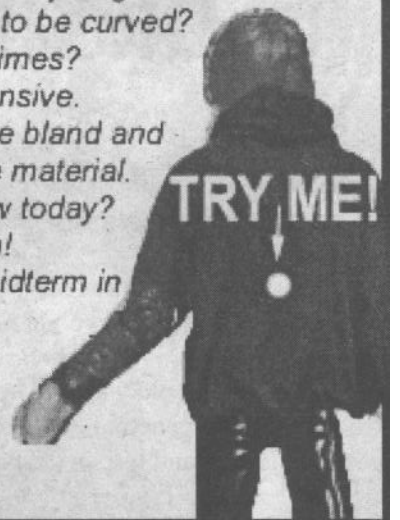
No. 6070
Pack No. 6071

Sense of humor not included

Push the button and I say things like:

- *Hey, what's your major?
- *So, what are you majoring in?
- *Is the quiz going to be curved? Like the last 53 times?
- *The Koala is offensive. I like my literature bland and related to course material.
- *Guess what I saw today? A colored person!
- *Can't, I have a midterm in two weeks.

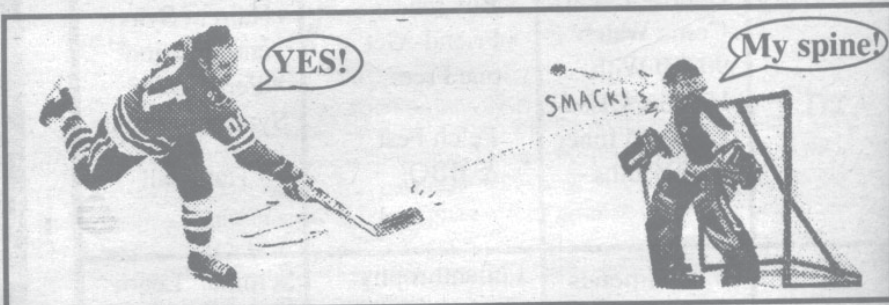
TRY ME!



OFFICIAL CAMPUS COP BADGE!



UCSD Ice Hockey Crushes Roosevelt Elementary 15-0!



The mighty Ice Tritons of UCSD demolished the pre-pubescent youths of Roosevelt Elementary yesterday, directly causing the deaths of over 10 youngsters. *Go Tritons!*

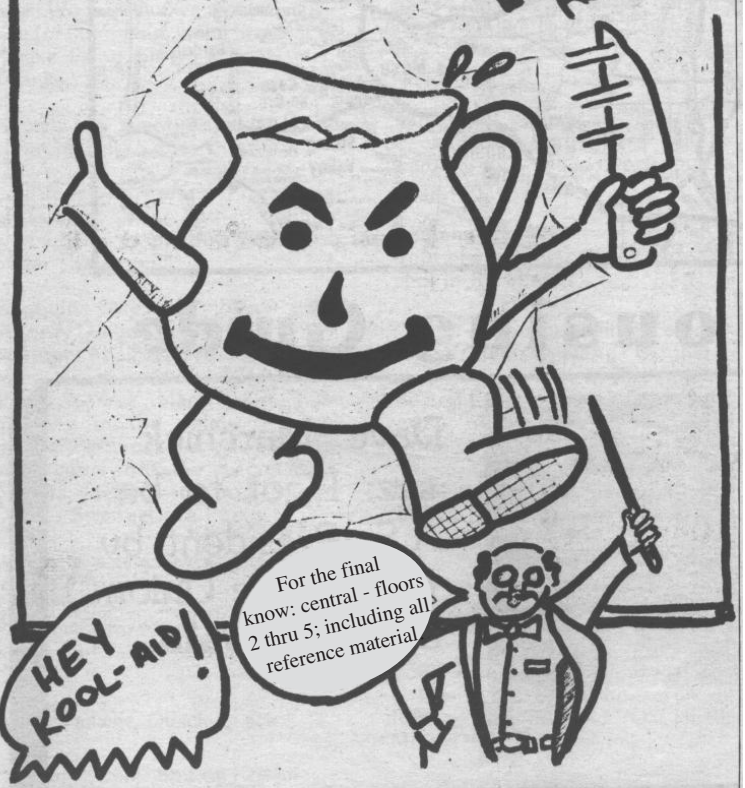


Next Issue: A preview of the UCSD Football Team's match-up with the infants of Happy Tots Day Care Center!

LECTURE FANTASY

by Evinrude Frontier

9 out of 10 Kids LOVE KOOL-AID



Integral of the Week

$$\int e^x = F(u)^n$$

The Koala

Word Search O'Hate



Know What I Like?



Aunt Jemima Says:

by D. Who

Know what I like?

I like Magic Shell. You know, the stuff you pour on ice cream and it hardens into a sort of armor. I have dishes of ice cream that are several years old, all under a thick, healthy coating of Magic Shell. They bounce.

If you're stuck with neighbors you don't like you can put Magic Shell in their locks and they'll have to get the entire door replaced.

Magic Shell is my friend.

I like putting it on parts of my body, letting it harden, then chipping it off with a large hammer. I like putting it into the noses of sleeping people.

I like the gravy that the Muir Cafe serves because it's like Magic Shell for meat. It'll harden right up if you let it sit long enough. Almost as tasty, too.

I like the way you can get it at Ralphs, like it's real food or something. I like the way it's theoretically possible for the bottle it comes in to actually be the product.

I like putting Magic Shell on my tongue and trying to speak. I like using it as eye drops.

Magic Shell is a fine, good product. It has partially hydrogenated soybean oil in it. And cocoa processed with alkali. And lecithin. And it's fresh until the middle of the next decade. And it's made in Ohio, so you know it's good.

I'll bet if Ike were alive today, he'd use Magic Shell on his ice cream. Ronald Reagan uses it on his hair. George Bush uses it on his personality.

I like it's UPC number, 51500-02505. It's a good UPC number.

Heck, I just like everything about Magic Shell!

I hate a lot of things. I'm not writing this article to amuse you; you piss me off. I hate lists. Do you want a list, Koala? I'll give you a list :

TOP TEN THINGS I HATE:

10. The symbol @. Are Americans so lazy that they need to abbreviate the word "at"? The Japanese don't abbreviate the word "at."

9. The slogan "Don't hate me because I'm beautiful." I don't hate you because your beautiful, bitch, I hate you because you're stuck up about it. I once stalked a woman, but she broke up with me because I only hated her for her looks.

8. I read that Castrol oil is the official motor oil of the N.B.A. That's great, because I hate it when I go to an N.B.A. game and there's not enough motor oil to go around.

7. Other people. I'm not racist, I hate everybody.

6. Computers, I tried to login to get e-mail for the first time the other day. The computer asked me to type in my name, so I typed: "Evan Hoover". It told me that this was not correct. I began to swear at the machine until some friendly CSO's escorted me out of the building, anally violated me, and then kicked my ass.

5. Economics textbooks: One buys the textbook for 80 dollars, one can sell it back for 50 cents. If one buys the Economics book, one should automatically fail the Economics class.

4. Higher math. Do you remember when math used to have numbers? Now it consists entirely of letters. It's not math anymore, it's English.

3. The French. Let's just face it, when was the last time you heard somebody say, "Wow, those French sure are cool!?"

2. Soft Reserves. The other day I waited in line for a half hour at Soft Reserves to buy a final for Chemistry 6B. When I got to the front of the line, the man behind the window told me that the final I wanted was not available. I told him I was pretty sure it was. He said it wasn't. So I stabbed him.

1. This list.

2. MILLER

“Put this on your fuckin’ pancakes!”

7 ways to get rich and thin in 7 days!

Losing weight and gaining wealth is not as difficult as it might seem. At least not with the Koala's new 7&7 diet. Tired of trying those "miracle" diets that just don't work or those get rich quick schemes that leave you more broke than when you started? Fuck them, trust us. Tippetty top specialists have designed this rich and thin diet with you, the average Koala reader in mind. You can try one, all or any combination to see what's right for you.

HAPPY NOW: Mrs. Laura Graef, of Aspen, Colorado, was once a 180 pound slab. And completely broke. Now she's a sick 110 pound beauty and owns the Ford Motor Company. All in just seven days!



1. Go on a treasure hunting expedition without supplies. Foraging can be a fun and effective way to rid yourself of those unwanted pounds. Combing large areas of grassland, forest or jungle can sure take alot out of you and as a bonus you probably won't find that much to eat. Same with anchoring in the middle of nowhere for a few days and swimming around an old wreck. But if you can find that sunken treasure of that buried gold you'll be thin and rich.

2. Rob a bank without using a getaway car. Outrunning metropolitan police can really burn up calories and take off those extra inches. You'll be running, jumping, climbing and generally on the move until you can get out of the state or into Mexico. But if you can get away you'll be rich and thin.

3. Break into a prison. Once you're in tell the guard that there must be some mistake and ask him if he could please let you

out. When he laughs tell him his wife is a whore. You'll be fortunate if he gives you bread and water after that. But keep making a nuisance of yourself and in a few days they'll realize that you really shouldn't be there. As soon as the release you file a lawsuit. If they want to settle out of court you'll be rich and thin.

4. Try to last three rounds with Crusher Turnbull at the Sands on Thursday nights.

They offer a fortune if you can stay in the ring with this walking steroid for just three minutes. And as everyone knows wrestling can be a very effective workout. Only a handful have gone the distance so far (one of them in a Volvo) but if you're next you'll be rich and thin.

5. Run and walk from door to door in your city.

The best time for this is late evening when you're sure everyone is home. At each residence knock or ring and then politely ask if you

Diet of the stars

"I got rich and thin, and Billy, in just seven days."

—Christie Brinkley



could please have some money. Running and walking are two of the most popular forms of exercise and if you have the stamina and the right appeal you'll be rich and thin.

6. Bet someone alot of money that you can do 100 pushups.

This will work very well if you have very rich friends for whom dieting consists of foregoing that Bailey's Irish Cream after dinner and for whom exercise means letting the cat out. If you can find the right guy and squeeze out those 100 pushups then you'll be rich

and thin.

7. Get on the gameshow "Anything for Money". Tell the host that you'll live on chalk for a week while dodging subway trains if he pays you large sums of money. If you can convince him that you're a winner, you'll be thin and rich.

Movie Review



by Tom Schmitt
Roger Ebert's Crack Baby

Leprechaun: Where's Me Refund?!

VIDEO OF THE WEEK

★ ★

A couple 'o weeks ago, I unearthed a true home video classic. It's the story of an embittered four hundred year old shriveled-up mutant who runs around a cave foaming at the mouth while screaming "WHERE'S ME GOLD?!" No, he's not a U.C. Regent, silly. He's the Leprechaun, and this movie is one of the scariest things to come down the pike since those diabolical Mentos commercials. I'm still bitter about *Leprechaun* being snubbed at last year's Oscars. Talk about a conspiracy.

Leprechaun might well be one of the best movies ever made about a three foot tall munchkin who goes on a bloody rampage in search of his stolen pot of gold. Unfortunately, the only thing that can kill this particular type of Leprechaun is either a four leaf clover or a really bad box office.

When the boneheads who took the gold finally give it back, the Leprechaun discovers that he's missing one gold coin- because some dumb, fat chucklehead ATE the last one. That's where the kooky carnage begins. Some highlights:

1. Leprechaun savagely maims coin shop owner by riding a pogo stick on his chest. How chilling. How visceral. How fucking lame can you get?
2. Leprechaun steals go-cart from toy shop only to be pulled over for speeding by the highway patrol.
3. Dying codger curses the Leprechaun by actually reciting the line "You little green bastard!"
4. Leprechaun dons roller skates to chase after terror-stricken victim. What a card!
5. Leprechaun shamelessly executes lame sight gag involving a box of Lucky Charms found in kitchen cabinet.
6. Crafty kids stop the Leprechaun in his tracks by throwing their shoes at him!

My opinion of why the movie fails as a horror film lies in one major flaw: *Midgets just aren't that scary*. Think about it. There's good reason why the terms "bone-chilling terror" and "Billy Barty" rarely appear in the same

sentence. If the casting director for *Leprechaun* had his way in Hollywood we'd be seeing the likes of *Friday The 13th Part 9* starring Herve Villechaise and *Candyman 2* featuring Emmanuel Lewis. I don't know what to say to anyone unfortunate enough to have actually spent \$7.00 to see this cinematic turdball, except maybe, "I hope those slashed wrists are healing nicely."

On the other hand, there are some good things about a movie like *Leprechaun*. Remember that kook who shot the lady sitting in the seat in front of him during a screening of *Schindler's List* at a Horton Plaza Theater? He said that the reason he did it was because he was "testing God." If that poor soul had bought a ticket to see *Leprechaun* he would have been, within minutes, painfully aware that there *obviously is no God*. The senseless violence is thus avoided. See what I mean? I also want see an Oscar nomination for the little kid in the movie who, upon finding the Leprechaun's gold, promptly turns to his mentally retarded friend to exclaim, "Look Jimmy-now we have enough money to get your brain fixed!" Let's hope they'll have enough gold left over to help the director.



Androcles and the Bastard Lion



"I have a thorn in my paddy-paw," sniffled the lion.

A young boy named Androcles was strolling through the jungle one day when he walked into a clearing, and there he saw, stretched out in front of him, a huge and ferocious-looking lion. Androcles was frightened and he was about to run, when suddenly he heard the most pitiable whimpering he had ever set his ears upon. He looked about for the source of the sad sounds until, to his astonishment, he realized that they were coming from the lion!

Androcles crept close and asked, "Excuse me, but why is such a noble beast as you crying so miserably?"

"I have a thorn in my paddy-paw," sniffled the lion, "and I can't seem to get it out no matter how hard I try."

"I will help you," said Androcles, "and if you ever see me in trouble you can repay the favor."

So Androcles grabbed hold of the thorn between his little fingers and pulled, ever-so-softly so as not to hurt the lion's poor, sore paddy-paw. And Pop! the thorn came out.

"There," said the boy, "now you owe me a favor."

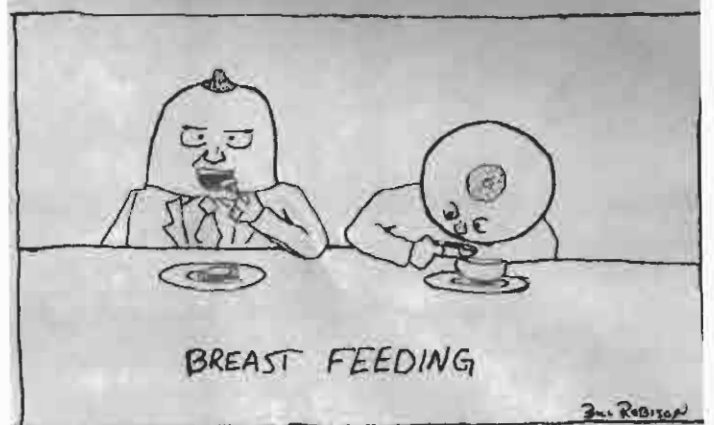
"I don't owe you shit," said the lion, and he ate Androcles, not in one gulp like that pussy wolf in Little Red Riding Hood, but with great bone-rendering, skin-ripping gnashes of his huge, sharp teeth. Blood and entrails sprayed everywhere, and Androcles screamed for a very long time until finally he died of a massive coronary. The lion finished him off and then used the thorn to pick the tiny chunks of flesh from between his teeth. Then he replaced it in his paddy-paw, chuckling to himself and trotting off into the jungle to lie in wait for the next stupid kid.

Moral: Don't be a dumbshit — run like hell from anything that could eat you.

When To Panic #114



A Cartoon by Bill Robison



JISM! A SAD BUT TRUE STORY

by Steve Lutz

(Version of 7 January, 1994, including New Features)

I was leafing through the *Guardian* one day (which is just about the only thing one can do with the *Guardian*, save wiping) when I saw it. It was only a small, eighth-page ad, but it filled my heart with such joy the likes of which I hadn't felt since the first time I saw Porky's. There, staring me right in the face was the answer to all of my financial problems. It read, simply:

Sperm Donors Needed!

We Pay for Spooze!

"Hot damn!" I thought to myself. "Finally I can make some money at a job that I really enjoy. Besides which, I have all sorts of experience! And to think I've been throwing all that money down the shower drain!"

So I ran to the phone, dialed the number, and made an appointment with the cheerful lady on the other end. She told me that I would have to give a couple of free samples first, but if they checked out okay, I'd be picking up 35 bucks a pop, twice a week. If you're a little repulsed by the concept of "whacking for dollars", consider the fact that this equates to something like 3 bucks a stroke. This is what is known as a good deal.

The following Monday I found myself sitting across from a nurse at the Sperm Bank. The very first thing she did was hand me about 8 pages worth of forms requesting personal information. I had never realized that you had to fill out a resume just so you could splooge into a jar. Not to mention the fact that this was one hell of a resume. They wanted to know things about me that I myself didn't know. Perhaps I just haven't been around much, but I don't ever recall having to write down my left testicle's diameter before.

Now it's a little-known fact that all nurses at sperm banks are extremely shy about their work. I suppose this stems from living with the knowledge that at any moment there is probably a guy spanking the monkey on the other side of your office wall. But for whatever reason, they are very bashful, and this means that I was able to have some fun with them. After finishing my resume, the nurse decided to ask me a few thousand more questions:

Nurse: When was the last time you...uh...well...you know...

Steve: Palmied the pod?

Nurse: blushing. Uh...yes.

Steve: What time is it now?

Nurse: <making a check on her clipboard> Okay. Now you know that, often, prospective donors are unable to continue donating because their sperm doesn't freeze properly?

Steve: If that happens to me, can I come back down here and take another whack at it?

Finally the questioning period ended. The nurse handed me a little jar, had me write my name on it, and escorted me to the place itself. Namely, the bathroom. The bathroom?! I drive almost 30 minutes to get here and all I get is a goddamn bathroom? Christ, I could do this at home. After all, they do have a night deposit box (kind of an ironic name, isn't it?) Still, I must admit, they did have one hell of an amazing magazine selection. They probably would have been easier to read, though, if I didn't have to peel the pages apart. For those of you who've ever heard a guy say that he reads *Playboy* for the stimulating articles, I can tell you it's a crock of shit. There wasn't one bit of jism on any of the article pages, although I do believe there was some snot on the joke page.

As it turns out, they rejected my sperm. Supposedly, the majority of my innegma died when it was frozen. Well what the hell did they expect it to do, jump for joy? If you dipped me in a vat of liquid nitrogen, I'd probably die too. Nonetheless, I felt pretty substandard for a while, until they told me that very few samples make it past the sperm bank's tough criteria. I was able to obtain a list of all the "undesirables". Study it well; it might save you a trip:

- Sperm must not be dead upon arrival
- Sperm must freeze properly
- Sperm must not come in pastel colors
- Sperm must not scream during freezing process
- Sperm from evangelists, bagpipe players, and New Kids on the Block fans will not be accepted, under any conditions

So I guess it's back to the shower for me. Bummer. It's so much harder to read the latest issue of *Spanking Lesbians* under rushing water.

Cx

Abe, Not bad for a 30th draft. Keep working on it...

Lincoln, Abe

Muir 20

30th draft

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. ^{whose fathers?} ^{which nation?}

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. ^{your opinion?}

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, ^{is this necessary?} ^{OPINION!} under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Too many people! Maybe w/ a few more rewriters you can make it a "B" you'll never get an "A"



Where's That Goddamn Waldo

O.K. I'll admit it. I spent about eight hours the other night mindlessly staring at a "Where's Waldo?" book trying to find that goofy little nerdy guy. It sounds stupid, but it was actually pretty fun. (Plus the "shrooms couldn't have hurt). It was so fun in fact that I can't wait for the next "Where's Waldo?" book. I must buy them

by John Grondalski
Starting pitcher for the San Diego Padres

all. And when I'm through buying them all I will not have enough Waldo, so I will make my own. In fact here are a couple examples of some of the ideas I've been kicking around...



Where's the Father of My Child?



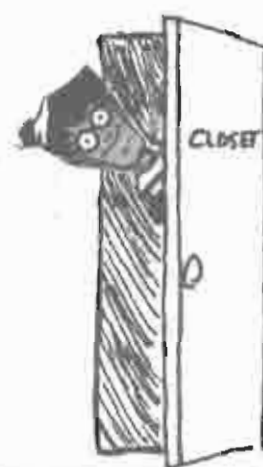
The Ex-Wife Edition- Uh oh, Waldo's four months behind on his child support payments. Help his ex-wife, Wadildo, find her tardy, good for nothing, ex-husband.

Where's that Homicidal Maniac?



The Serial Killer Edition- Waldo has popped a circuit and goes a killing spree across America. Help authorities and "America's Most Wanted" track down this insane madman (and there could be a reward in it for you).

Where's that Homo?



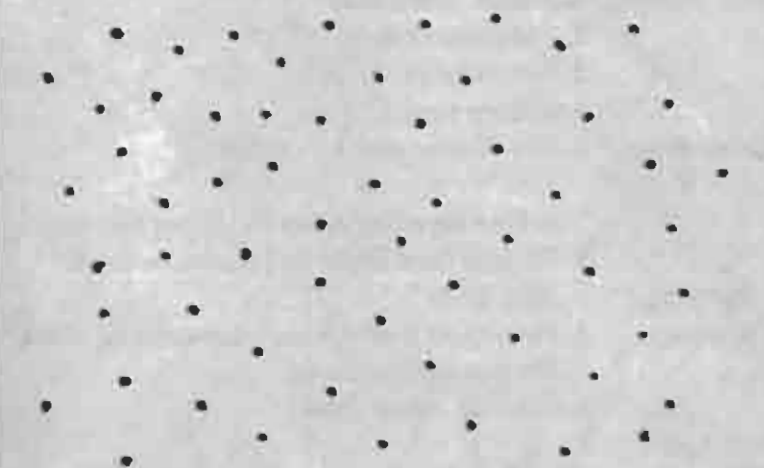
The Gay in the Military Edition- Waldo has come out of the closet! See if you can help the military authorities find him amidst the hordes of heterosexual homophobic rednecks.

Signs of the Times

by Steve Lutz



CONNECT THE GODDAMN DOTS!



Draw lines between the dots to reveal a beautiful replica of a famous Da Vinci painting. For an extra challenge, we've left the numbers out.

Crosswords for the Stupid

Across
1. Me
Down
1. One, to Caesar



EXHIBIT F: Episode #19

During the episode "Gun's 'N' Booze" Barney snaps and pistol whips 6 unsuspecting children. The Horror! The Horror!

"Sing the fucking song you little punk!!"

"Please don't kill me, Barney!"



I'LL POKE YOUR EYE OUT TOO!



By Jason Schlossberg
Koala Senior Staff

The following article is completely true... Well sort of...

A short spell and a half ago I was interested in dating a girl slightly younger than myself. She was nine... No, no, no I'm just joking (Chill, OK), she was a seventeen year old senior at a local high school. At the time I was twenty years old. It was only a three year difference; that's not so bad—is it? No, of course it's not.

Now at this point of the article I'm sure that the entire female population of UCSD is saying to themselves, "Why would Jason want to date a girl like her when he could easily have a woman like me?" Well I'll tell you: It was refreshing to be involved with someone who is young, dewy-eyed, and naive to the world. To be involved with someone who thinks that I'm absolutely brilliant because I can regurgitate all of the philosophy that I was forced to learn while taking the Revelle Humanities sequence. To be involved with someone that I can teach and protect. To be involved with someone that I can discipline by spanking her young, tight, nubile, bottom with a riding crop while hearing her cry out, "Oh Daddy, Daddy, I've been a bad, bad girl!!"—Oh Shit. I'm terribly sorry. I have no idea how that last line got into this article, that was supposed to be in my letter to *Penthouse Forum*... Fucking word processors... Anyway, suffice it to say that my reasons for getting involved with this girl were nothing but wholesome.

Being the old fashioned guy that I am, I played it by the book. I approached her parents and asked permission to begin the courtship procedures. Unfortunately, they threw a shit fit. In fact, they forbade me to see her—which of course made her want me all the more (you know, the forbidden fruit thing coupled with that *Romeo and Juliet*, *West Side Story* crap). Let's just admit it: She wanted a piece of The J-Man.

Finally her parents offered to meet me. They asked me a bunch of asinine questions like, "What's your shoe size?" (frankly, I think that her mother was just curious about my penis size) and, "Do you believe in premarital sex?" They also asked me to furnish a sexual resumé complete with references. Needless to say, I was offended and stormed out of there pronto (and for those of you actually following the story, I never saw her again).

Days after the incident, I received a fax from *The Weekly World News* offering me two million dollars to publish my sexual resumé. "Fuck that", I said aloud, "I'll publish it in my column for free (your undying admiration is payment enough for me). Here it goes... feel free to take notes."

Jay's Sexual Resumé

Seeks employment as: Lover Man

Age: How old do you want me to be, baby?

Qualifications: Nine inch tongue

Naturally ribbed penis (for her pleasure)

The stamina of a lumber jack

Early Education:

Discovered genitals earlier than average. First love was his mother but his father became jealous and threatened to castrate him. Jason gives up mother as sexual object and identifies with his father.

August 4, 1978- Plays first game of "Show me your pussy and I'll show you my dick" with a local girl. Jason finally learns that, contrary to what his big brother has told him, vaginas do not possess teeth!!

January 11, 1980- Jason is seduced by his 12 year old baby sister Angela. He is unable to ejaculate but is able to satisfy her nonetheless.

April 23, 1980- Jason enters his latency period. All girls "cock" and have the cooties.

Secondary Education:

March 6, 1985- Jason has his first wet dream. It is at this point he realizes that the same phenomena can be reproduced manually. Jason begins the masturbatory stage of his life.

June 22, 1987- In a game of Truth or Dare, Jason reveals his first hand job (from a hand other than his own). It is, "pretty cool" and his "dick" begins giggles the whole time saying, "I think it's turning red."

June 27, 1989- Jason gets laid for the first time since the onset of puberty. The girl is his high school sweetheart. He lasts for approximately 45 seconds. The sweetheart, being a virgin, begins to cry.

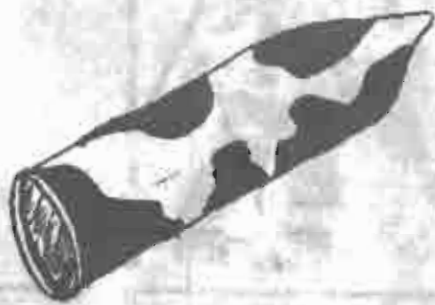
Post-Graduate Education

June 28, 1989- September 30, 1993- Jason throws himself into various random sexual escapades. He dabbles in bondage, golden showers, groups, and other random taboos, all the while in search of an intimacy and spirituality lacking thus far in his life (what can I say, dick like that gets me laid).

October 4, 1993- Jason finally learns to "cum" and looks forward to his next release.

Hey Girls! Tired of gettin' pregnant? Well next time you decide to bone down, make 'em wear a...

COMBAT CONDOM



"comes in camouflage"

But why should I buy COMBAT CONDOMS over those bathroom brands?

- We use the strongest spermicide on the market today, some say too strong, but we here at COMBAT CONDOMS feel that a little irritation to the male urinary tract is a small price to pay for the safety of your future.
- Our special "super-adhesive-polyurethane" actually bonds with the skin of the penis to prevent any slippage. Sure he peels off the outer layer of his skin when he goes to peel off his condom, but should you let that small fact jeopardize your career plans?
- Finally if all else fails, We've equipped our condoms with an anti-rip alarm which sounds off a high-pitched beep whenever it detects a rip in the condom. The male then has 5 seconds to withdraw his penis and dispose of the condom before it implodes, instantly castrating the male, while leaving the female unharmed. It may be a little messy, but it beats living the rest of your life in regret.

COMBAT CONDOMS, because makin' love isn't for fun anymore, it's open trench warfare.

THE Cold Fish



BAR & COOL PLACE

Tired of all those sorority 'teases' who will lead you on just to squeeze you for everything you have? Well, **The Cold Fish Bar and Cool Place** is for you. We are the beginning to every modern woman's nightmare-come-true. Take that frigid bitch to our place. We have the active atmosphere that she'll like and the cheap prices you'll like. If she even hints to end the night with less than a handshake, you can signal our waiters to drug her drink or, if that does not work, arrange to pay your half of the check at the men's room, conveniently located next to the service exit. And we are located in the dark north county area so she will never find her way back home. We guarantee that, by the next day, she will be lying face-down in some gutter next to her new dress. That'll teach her that in the battle of the sexes, there are no winners.



MAY THE POOP BE WITH YOU

By Spencer

Hey all, it's me again. Just to get this out of the way, this is my last issue as editor of the Koala. I will be moving on to do bigger butter things. That's right, I am the proud new employee of Steve's Butter World in Modesto, California. So if you need butter, give me a call and I'll hook you up. I figured what better way to use my computer science degree than churning butter. I mean, computers do run on butter.

But really, I was thinking about the male G-Spot and the way I see it, the path you have to take to get there isn't worth the results. Sure it may feel really good (not that I know), but at what cost? A stinky hand, that's what cost. I don't care how good something is, if I have to dig in my butt to find it, forget about it. In fact, you could stick a million dollars in my colon, and I'd let it sit there forever 'cause there's no way in hell I'm gonna stick my hand up my butt to get it.

I was also thinking about how much thinking I do. I think a lot. Sometimes I think without even thinking about it. But I like to think, I think it's healthy. See, I just did it. The problem with thinking is that no one gets to hear all your great thoughts. That's why I like talking too. And writing, because writing is just like talking with spelling.

I'd like to take this time to beg you all to not support companies that use that "I Believe I Can Fly" song in their ads. Also, don't support companies that computer generate talking lips onto dogs or babies. And while you're at it, don't support communism.

A lot of hard work and beer went into the making of this issue. I don't even remember working on some parts of it I was so drunk. It's not my best work, but if you want to see my best work I can show you

pictures of my poo. Actually, I like it. It's got lots of lists, pictures, and even a dick joke or two.

This being my last issue, I guess I need to thank some people. Firstly, I'd like to thank Berkeley for not accepting me because had I gone there I might have a degree that's worth something, but I wouldn't have had The Koala. Wait, I think I got shafted, damn you Berkeley, damn you!! Secondly, I'd like to thank alcohol for getting me through some tough times. Thirdly, I'd like to thank Jesus for always being funny (especially when he has anal sex with chickens high on crack). Fourthly, I'd like to thank Taco Bell for the delicious Combo #1. Fifthly, I'd like to thank me for all the times I gave myself a hand-job. Sixthly, I'd like to thank all the students at UCSD whose fees helped pay for a dildo used as a prop on Koala TV. You all own a piece of that dildo and I'd donate it to the school, but it's in my butt and you know I can't stick my hand in my butt. Seventhly, I'd like to thank all the people that put up with me over the past four years. Eighthly, I'd like to thank anal sex, chickens, crack, monkeys, buttholes, dicks, pirates, ninjas, JM J. Bullock, Mr. T, retards, and ALF; without which, I would not be funny. Ninth, I'd like to thank Jerry Springer for doing that show with the really fat guy. I liked that. Tenth, I'd like to thank anyone who doesn't think this is filler.

XOXO Spencer

Personals on Parade

D. Who

(Editor's note: all the included personals are real and were printed in the January 18th issue of the **Koala** unless otherwise noted. Honest.)

All right, I've had it. You goons obviously can't write personals to save your lives. I'm sitting here looking over the last issue of the **Koala**, and I'm trying to decide if I should heave a my-God-I'm-superior sigh like your Physics TA does every section, or just turn and vomit. The quality of the **Koala** personals is on par with, say, Romper Room, though you do mention sex more often. This is crap, folks.

The Sex Personal

This is probably the most common personal **The Koala** gets. It's also the one that gets messed up the most often. "Loni in the Del Mar Bluffs-- Let's cut the bullshit. I know you are easy. Let's do it on the beach. --B' Good, guy, charm her. First off, you sound like Bobby Riggs on testosterone; secondly, if you're the sex-crazed doof your personal makes you out to be, why the hell are you putting your demands in **The Koala**, which publishes about as regularly as my Math prof utters a comprehensible word? If you can't say it to her face, you ain't getting laid, worm.

Personals of this sort should have that light touch of romance, the occasional tenderness, and a lot of really graphic descriptions of sex. Remember: you alone are providing freshmen with their only source of jollies....

The Vicious Personal

This is my personal (Oh shut up, it wasn't intended) favorite. Really evil things get said in the back of the **Koala**, and it's tremendous fun seeing people suffer in public. For instance, "Vegas, you deceitful little fuck. You lie, you cheat, and you use people. We thought you'd grown up after freshman year, you proved us wrong. Get a life! Your Ogden pals." Now **that's** great personal writing. Tense, biting, and you know there's a lot of hate involved there. I just wish I knew who Vegas was so I could go up to him and say "Yeah!" On the other hand, "Ebbie, when are you going to stop lying to us? Do you think we are stupid? Not as stupid as you are!" is awful. Sigh. Kids, you didn't use any contractions. Anger just isn't anger if you sound like the queen. Nor did you manage to engage my interest in the least. I'm sure Ebbie just read that and laughed it off. You should be about as threatening as an irate Smurf. If you're gonna get mad, you might as well get **mad**. Vicious personals have a lot of

potential to really destroy people, so use them a lot. Obscenities are welcome, but over-doing it makes you sound like 'B' from the previous section: a slope-headed neandrathal. And remember, girls really hate the word "cunt."

The Sincere Apologies for Unintended Wrongs Personal

What? Gimme a break. Get outta here.

The Confused Personal

This is always sad. Lost souls wandering on campus, leaving their pathetic little pleas for help in **Koala** personal envelopes. "Why am I sitting here writing a personal in HL when I came here to do homework? I dunno, but we're all laughing at you. The point being: A lot of people read the personals so at least make them so we can understand them. As long as you're going to open you're wretched lives to the public, make it comprehensible..."

The Vomitous Personal

This is the worst kind. "Rob-hang in there and don't despair! When life seems unfair just grow out your hair, jump in a chair and get totally bare! You know I can't resist your stare. Imagine... Long live J.L. Love ya, Snoops." Holy Christ, it's hard to believe there are people like this running around. Sounds like Cindy Brady on amphetamines. Snoops, I'm warning you: ever do anything like that again, and I'll personally hunt you down and kill you, cunt. (Note: effective use of **Vicious Personal** there.)

The key point to remember here is that nobody gives a damn about your true affections. Keep them out of the **Koala**. Submit them to the Guardian as pieces for Editor-in-a-Box where they'll go unnoticed. Now, I expect to see a vast improvement in the next **Koala** Personal page. If there are two things that people pick up the **Koala** to see, they're hate and violence. We're counting on you.

The Koala

* Official line from my Mom, Mrs. Wanda Gruen.



PRINCIPAL DONALD E. ANDERSON DOES NOT TOLERATE RECREATIONAL DRUG USE.

A Cartoon by Bill Robison

And now a word from our sponsors:

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